

THE LIFE OF  
NAOMI NORSWORTHY

FRANCES CALDWELL HIGGINS



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**THE LIFE OF  
NAOMI NORSWORTHY**







Naomi Kossuthy.

# THE LIFE OF NAOMI NORSWORTHY

BY

FRANCES CALDWELL HIGGINS



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## FOREWORD

How shall one tell the life-story of another? The attempt is foredoomed to failure. Even if it were possible to trace mechanically every action to its source, it would take a lifetime to tell the story. The author of this book is fortunate, it seems to me, in that she has not sought to write a detailed biography or make a sketch or give a portrait of Naomi Norsworthy. It is rather a tribute of a friend to a friend, with just enough detail to show why that friendship was close and reciprocal.

The most striking characteristic of Miss Norsworthy was her genius for friendship. No student of hers, no casual acquaintance even, but felt drawn to her as if by a magnet. Her attraction was enhanced by rare intellectual powers and by her gift of logical exposition. But it was not her intellect that brought her friends; it was a boundless sympathy welling up from a heart genuinely interested in others' welfare. She met every advance more than halfway, and she gave unstintingly of herself to all who sought her aid.

This ability to reach out to the other person,

to interpret another's need, and to give sympathetic assistance from a rich store of scholarly attainments was what made her a great teacher. She never taught to entertain; she made no pretense of calling hard things easy or crooked things straight. Master of herself through systematic discipline, she knew how to inspire others to meet difficulties courageously. Her standards of success were found in the performance of duty, and to these standards she held both herself and her students.

There was withal in her something of the Puritan. Her lovable nature, cheerful disposition, and largeness of heart were tempered with a natural reserve and controlled by a searching conscience that often led her into conflict with herself. In time of stress she needed a confessor. The revelation of herself at such times disclosed the weakness of the woman and the strength of the devotee. Had she been born in another faith or in an earlier age, she might have been the Mother Superior of a religious order. As it was, she became a teacher, and, faithfully following in the footsteps of the Master, she spent herself that others might have life and have it more abundantly.

JAMES E. RUSSELL.

**THE LIFE OF  
NAOMI NORSWORTHY**



# THE LIFE OF NAOMI NORSWORTHY

## I

### INTRODUCTORY

No one knowing the radiant personality that was Naomi Norsworthy will question the reason for her life-history; none but will question the possibility that words or portraiture can be found to carry over that radiance and that personality in any satisfying way to others so unfortunate as never to have known her. Many times since her death, hundreds have remarked their desire for some written memorial that might crystallize about her name an interpretation, however faint, of her life and its ideals, wonderfully made manifest in her daily coming and going. All of us have known the human need of some tangible thing about which associations may gather; we desire to treasure keepsakes of those who have left us, to talk of them, to hear others talk of them, to find in such

utterances confirmation and approval of our own sense of values. To ignore the dead is unforgivable; we would remember, and in remembering, find faint solace. She was too rare a being for her life to pass unchronicled, — a belief so universally felt and expressed that it is both justification and plea for this biography.

Let none think the undertaking has been lightly entered upon. On the contrary, it has been essayed with full knowledge of the impossibility of ever depicting her as the vibrant, life-giving thing she was. To attempt to recreate any image of her would be but a mockery, foredoomed, was not that attempt halloed by the hope of becoming an expression that somehow may serve the high purpose of thrilling into lasting being memories already enshrined in hearts throughout this country. Many lives she touched but faintly, hampered by mutual limits of time and chance, and these have not forgotten her; other lives she wrought deeply upon, even to the changing of currents and shores, and these have not forgotten her. All have wished for an avenue of expression for their vast regret for her too-soon end; they will welcome pages that will help bring back memo-

ries and thoughts of her. The words of one lamenting message, that came during the last days of her fated suffering, said: "Hearts, North, South, East, West, are praying for you, remembering all you have been to them and to that broader world where you have helped them better to aspire." These hearts that, knowing, loved her, and the things for which she stood, who have desired some memorial in words, however impotent, to bind together the simple facts of her life in a lasting form, are the inspiration of this record.

It is but fair to make clear in the beginning the difficulties that beset the delineation. Two obstacles especially to be considered are: first, the lack of data concerning Dr. Norsworthy; and second, the discouragement engendered by a thousand assurances as to the insuperability of the task of ever putting into form any just idea of her personality. To these two difficulties may be added a third, Miss Norsworthy's instinctive distaste for publicity of any kind, a fact which makes "the little of that little" on record scarcely available for use. That there is slight material to draw on for a biography is not surprising to any one who knew her. She

believed that nothing pertaining to herself could matter; she minimized all she achieved, so that there is less material concerning her than may be found about the ordinary person. Even those exponents of the usual life commonly used as biographic material, letters, are scarcely to be had. It is not that they do not exist in scores, for they do, but that they are so intimate and peculiar to those persons to whom they were written that a natural and proper reticence forbids their printing as wholes. She did much public speaking, at religious gatherings, teachers' conventions, and mothers' meetings, but always from the fewest possible notes. Who that has heard her speak can forget the rapid utterance, the quick mentality, and ready enthusiasm that characterized these talks? Her method was personal, the free exchange of intimate intercourse; formal presentation in written speech appealed to her not at all. The expressions of her professional self that she felt constrained to undertake on pressure from those friends and advisers who thought her too good a leader not to produce, the two books, the "Psychology of Childhood" and "How to Teach," on which she spent part of the last two or three years of



her life were destined to be thrown into final shape by hands other than her own. In her busy existence she wanted to leave behind no ungathered scraps for others to clear away, and in consequence there is slight testimony which might serve to help set forth her life.

And what of the second obstacle, the discouragement fostered by the attitude of those who well knew her as to the hopelessness of making alive any word-image? It is oppressive. This atmosphere of the impossible task is intensified by the knowledge of her own shrinking from analysis or observation. Granted that achievement for adequate portraiture is not to be, yet there may be wrought out an obscure likeness that somehow, somewhere, may bring back a fresher understanding of her contribution to the world — a life wrought in harmony with the higher spiritual laws of being. Her days were more than a mere series of incidents; they were records of deep spiritual experiences. By virtue of such living, her worth was recognized and her power made manifest. Not to see this strength is to miss the essential fact; it is to know naught of

“The Hills where her life rose,  
And the Sea where it goes.”

Miss Norsworthy was a person about whom it was easy to be curious. Succeeding generations of students at Teachers College puzzled over the secret of her personality, and found great pleasure in comparing conclusions. Several legends grew up around her name, none of which, it is scarcely needful to say, is true. "The mystery of a person," says Carlyle, "is ever divine to him that hath a sense of the god-like." It was the strong spiritual quality in her that appealed provokingly to the universal "sense of the god-like" in others. "What makes her like that?" "Did you ever see any one just like her?" "What is the secret of her?" were some of the ever-recurring questions asked in the attempt to penetrate this mystery of the divine in the human. Those nearest her might smile patiently, — for had they not heard these same questionings for years? — and yet neither time nor chance nor change could bring them any nearer the reading of the riddle. Close friends were as far from its solution as the most remote. One can but wonder if there was not mixed much of this spirit of curiosity, however unconscious, in the desire to crowd about her, to draw from her. Who that knew her daily

life but knew the insatiate desire of friends and acquaintances to be with her?

The mystery of a person *is* divine, as Carlyle says, but mystery it remains. In a temperament like Miss Norsworthy's, it is not only elusive; it is also alluring. Wherein could have lain the secret of her power over human hearts? There is nothing subtle in the outward facts of her biography. The child of parents who had adopted this country after their first youth had passed, and who scarcely ever felt other than alien here; thrust into the life of a great city, she had no influential friends save of her own making, no financial means save from her own striving. Frail in reality no less than appearance, professing no genius nor prowess of any kind, scorning means of advancement that would have been of mere seeming value, Naomi Norsworthy, by sheer weight of will and the purity and power of her spiritual ideals, made for herself a distinguished place peculiarly her own in the greatest professional school in America.

It may be said that at no time did Miss Norsworthy hold a conspicuous position in her profession. Her rank in Teachers College was that of Associate Professor in Educational Psy-

chology, surely one unassuming enough. When opportunities came for seeming advancement, offers of posts of influence in other institutions, she somehow could not put away the idea that she belonged to Teachers College. She was much in demand all over this country for talks on child-study, demands she was indifferent about meeting, largely because she felt her work suffered from them. Her niche she felt to be there in the daily round of duties and people in Teachers College.

What made her the power that she was? The iteration of the question is its only answer. All knew her as a woman of great simplicity. She had tastes notably feminine; she lacked one kind of aggressiveness, a cause for reproach among those of her friends who felt she should be stirred to action on the score of Suffrage. She was straightforward to a degree, frankly unpretentious, fun-loving, full of the teasing spirit of the child, and yet these attributes have in them nothing of distinction, possessed as they are by thousands of women who never wake others by the inspiration of personal charm. In such characteristics as these can be found no reason why "Hearts, North, South,

East, West," should turn to her for inspiration. It is trite to say there is no answer to the mystery of such people. The secret must remain an inescapable spur to the thoughts of all of us who know them, children of the lavish gifts that they are. With nothing of the zeal of the reformer, or the mania of the enthusiast, Miss Norsworthy professed complete assurance in but one thing, the worth of the Pattern to which her life was consecrated. She never in any remote way knew her power over others; she only knew the fullness of her desire to meet others' needs, to respond to them, to serve them, in all humility. This attribute, her great desire for consecrated service, helped to mould her into the nobly great leader that she was.

Again and again has been remarked by hundreds of those who studied under her how she could put confidence into her students, imbuing them with a new belief in their knowledge and ability, filling them, seemingly, with something of her own quick perceptions and powers of expression. There was necromancy in it! Others aspired to her aspirations for them, rose to levels hitherto unknown to themselves. Her subtle understanding and encouragement fused them-

selves through all reserve, or uncertainty, or other hindering thing, and one spoke a new and pleasant language. He had found himself!

There can be no question that the secret of this revivifying power had its answer hidden as effectively from Miss Norsworthy as from those who were so curiously interested in it. All who knew her acknowledged and gloried in this inspirational gift; to her it remained unknown. Whenever any one was so bold as to refer to it, the reference was met with a scornful denial of the existence of this power in her. "It is n't so" was the terse refutation with which she silenced such comments about herself. Yet all who knew her, however slightly, all who bitterly deplore her loss to the world, have felt it and been grateful for it.

A thought inexpressibly sad is that the tingling charm of such a person is forever untranslatable. For those who did not know her there can be little meaning in saying, "This she was." For, after all, one can but despair of giving a vital conception of what she really was. To no other woman known to most of us can so justly be applied Wordsworth's well-known characterization:

"A Spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel light."

Stress must be put on the fact of Miss Norsworthy's distaste for any form of publicity. Reserve is not the correct name for what is here referred to, strong though her reserve was; it is a more fundamental, a less conscious thing. To her eyes, the facts of her life, inward or outward, were of no concern to herself or to others. She never spoke of herself or her past. It is an odd fact that incidents of her childhood and up-growing, such as remain with most people as pleasant reminiscences to be smiled over and recounted in the mellow light of the years, were with her as blank as though they had never been. This fact is, of course, the outcome of the habitual minimizing of herself and all appertaining to that self. She was in and of to-day; the past was secure, the future to be met, but to-day was hers, to be lived to its fullest. Her own past or its ideas did not matter to her, and never were they allowed to obtrude themselves between her and those who cared to draw upon what that past had made her. Neither objectively nor subjectively was she interested in herself. Every question from any source about her or

her past, what she liked or had done, never failed to elicit the one answer: "Don't ask me; I do not remember." Being pressed, she would laugh off the questioner till he was forced to believe she not only did not remember, but did not care to. Her life did not know, seemed never to have known, one moment of self-centeredness or introspection. From her viewpoint she had been brought to the passing moment happily, consciously filled with the deep desire to make each second yield its fullest, be it freighted with keen joy or crowning sorrow; and so occupied was she lest she should miss the fullest of the present that the perspective seems to have left slight impress. The attribute that might casually be taken for personal reserve was rather the lack of any serious taking-of-herself; it was a perfect absence of all self-consciousness, so rare a human quality that its presence as a marked trait might of itself have given to her character distinction.

Notably different from others, also, was the way in which Miss Norsworthy accepted the loving appreciation of the many who, realizing her value, tried to find expression for that recognition. It never seemed to occur to her that she



had such tributes of appreciation more often than most people, certainly never that it was so because she deserved them more. These countless evidences of the good-will and friendship of others she considered but parts of a chorus by which all knowing hearts swell the volume of life's music, means employed by comrades to cheer one another on the Open Road. Always they made her very happy, because they whispered of that spirit of comradeship.

A detailed study of Dr. Norsworthy's character belongs rightly to a chapter other than an introductory one, yet it seems but proper that here in the beginning should be the stressing of what, after all, was the keynote of that wonderful life, — the vast prodigality with which she gave of time, of strength, of self, of all she had and was. Many times has been commented the possibility that in this lavish spending might be found a remote reason for her death at thirty-nine. How royally she did give! With the fullness of morning, never reckoning on what wide horizon might fall the richness, she poured out her numbered days. When those who would have had her spare herself, particularly during the last years of her life, grew brave enough to

remonstrate over her serious lack of self-consideration, her answer to all had the one burden, "What does it matter? I shall not live to be old anyway, and why not let me live while I can? Each of us must find the way best for one's self, and this is mine." How truly based was her prophetic feeling as to the shortness of her life was little dreamed by those nearest her who could but grieve over her excessive prodigality. There was something primitive in the wastefulness of this generosity. She was a sower who scattered seeds lavishly, remembering, it may be, how few of them are humanly destined for fruitful soil. Never too tired, never too busy, never too ill was she for a patient listening to all the plans and troubles and aspirations brought to her by a world of perplexed and weary people who through her learned again their simple faith in the possibility of perfect human sympathy. This note of universality in her, so intense and unfailing, endeared her to thousands whom helping, she inspired.

It is evident that a character like Miss Norsworthy's has difficulties of delineation apart from the elusiveness of its personal charm; she was at once simple and complex, wholly sim-

ple in her lack of all consciousness or assumption, and wholly complex in her vast responsiveness, in the ease with which she entered into countless natures seemingly different from her own. Her richness and depth and range vibrated constantly to the thousand lives about her; and in every such person is a profundity born not so much of reality as of circumstance. There is an ideal of the ancient Greeks thus expressed: "The man whose senses, imagination, and reason are unfolded in their highest reach; who has the keenest eye, the surest hand, the truest ear, the richest voice; whose life moves on in rhythmical accord with God, nature, man, with no discord to break its monotony and to be resolved in the harmony of its peaceful and painless close: this is the ideal being whose nature is unfolded without imperfection or sin to perpetual happiness and joy." Could a better description be found for her who so "held the pass-key of hearts"?

## II

### THE MOTHER

AN adequate understanding of Miss Norsworthy's life is scarcely possible unless due prominence is given to the factor that her mother was therein; so this chapter shall be devoted to the mother, a woman no less unusual than the daughter. Between them was intimate friendship, a close kinship, but more of character than of temperament. How very proud they were of each other! Miss Norsworthy said "my mother" in a tone that breathed an exultant note of joy in a valued possession; she never failed to make her mother known to any one whom she wished especially to honor.

Mrs. Norsworthy was the peculiar genius as well as the undenied autocrat of her family throughout her life. Her children could but feel that they owed their all to her ambition and forcefulness. She possessed the reticence, the pride, the dogged persistence, and the indomitable pluck of your true Briton. That she was

English she never forgot, and she took pains to live up to the finer traditions of her race.

Eve Ann Norsworthy, née Modridge, was born in Broadclyst, Devonshire, England, in 1844. Her father seems to have been fairly well-to-do. She must have been a vigorous child, for she was a woman of enduring physical powers. Miss Modridge was educated at a "young ladies' seminary," the principal of which was the maiden aunt of Mr. Norsworthy. Through this aunt, she met her future husband while visiting her former teacher at Torquay, the Norsworthy family home. There is a romance wrapped up in the court paid Miss Modridge by the two nephews of her hostess, themselves first cousins. Her choice fell on Samuel B. Norsworthy, a young man of twenty-one, just through serving his apprenticeship as a mechanical engineer. It was an unexpected bit of sentiment in one of Mrs. Norsworthy's type when, in the last year of her life, nearly seventy years old she was, she surprised her daughter Naomi by pulling from its hiding-place of fifty years a poem addressed to her by the rejected lover, which no one else had ever seen.

Samuel B. Norsworthy came of Devonshire

stock that had produced in one of its branches the great sea-rover, Admiral Drake. In the good old English way he had been apprenticed to a mechanical engineer to "learn by doing." This apprenticeship had just ended at the time he became engaged to Miss Modridge, and being anxious to establish himself independently, he asked his mother for funds for working capital. For some reason she did not accede promptly to his request, though she had done for an older brother as much as he asked. Mr. Norsworthy, in a fit of pique at what he considered unjust treatment, left home and struck forth into the world. Coming to America, he lived for a time in New York City, and then enlisted in the United States Navy, serving for five years. At the close of his enlistment, during which he had cruised to the four corners of the world, he left the navy and set up in business in China, where he stayed two years, and then returned to New York. Naturally, in his years of naval service, he had not progressed far towards accumulating a competence that would have enabled him to marry. At best, he seems on his own testimony to have had little of the genius of accumulation in him. All his life he enjoyed spending money,

a trait his daughter could very easily appreciate, because she, too, had it. After he had been away from England and his affianced eight years, he crossed over in 1875, and they were married.

The eight years of his absence had been full of change for Miss Modridge. Her father had died, and the property had gone to the oldest child, a brother, leaving her and her sister dependent on their own efforts. The sister soon married, the mother went to live with her, and the future Mrs. Norsworthy accepted a position as governess, being recommended particularly for her ability to teach French and music. How long she was a governess is not clear, but the news that her fiancé's mother was very ill brought to her one of those duties concerning which throughout her life she knew no hesitation. She gave up her means of support and went to live with her mother-in-law to be. For two years she devoted her life to caring for the elderly woman. The invalid blessed her with the best wish she knew: if the future Mrs. Norsworthy should ever have a daughter, that she might be to her mother the strength and comfort that Miss Modridge had been to her. Mrs. Norsworthy

delighted to tell this reminiscence; she was sure that the wonderful daughter that came later to her was the fulfillment of this prayer of her mother-in-law's. It is in this association with her husband's people that the reason for the name "Naomi" is to be found: "Thy people shall be my people."

The older Mrs. Norsworthy must have been herself a woman of much force of character. Certainly she had the power of inspiring devoted love and admiration in the young woman who willingly ministered to her; more than this, her ideals left so deep an impress on Miss Modridge that they became part of her life. She had been reared a member of the Established Church of England, and before going to live with Mrs. Norsworthy, had subscribed to its tenets and supposedly had been satisfied with them. Mrs. Norsworthy was a Dissenter, one of the "Plymouth Brethren." This denomination came into existence about the same time as Methodism, and is far stronger in numbers and influence in England than in this country. It is plainly a tribute to the religious faith of the elder Mrs. Norsworthy that her life and religion should have impressed a person of Miss Modridge's



decided nature to the point of giving up the creed of her fathers. Surely it cannot lightly be said that the Church of England has a slight hold on its members. There is that well-known something in human creatures which once habituated to a stately ritual is not satisfied without it, a trait particularly strong in the English, traditionally reverential as they are to the past and its customs. That Miss Modridge should put aside the form of worship her fathers had known for generations to ally herself with another bespeaks some experience commonly called "conversion."

It is not amiss to glance aside for a moment at the doctrine of the Plymouth Brethren, for undoubtedly it was an enormous power in Mrs. Norsworthy's life, and through her, in Miss Norsworthy's. Briefly then: the Plymouth Brethren believe in the literal interpretation of the Bible and its application to daily life. Their organization and discipline are characterized by extreme simplicity, having evidently much in common with the Quaker faith. They await the "moving of the spirit" in meeting, believe in the leading of the "inner light," in a personal God, and therefore in the supreme efficacy of

personal prayer. They are "pre-millennialists," which term interpreted by an outsider appears to mean a belief in the Second Coming of Christ when all true Christians will be translated hither, and all non-Christians will be disavowed. The Second Coming is at all times imminent, and being so, the individual must be ever on guard lest he be found unworthily engaged. This doctrine, of course, is in broad terms closely akin to the old Puritan ideas that left such ineradicable marks on the history of our own New England. It is "other-worldliness." Necessarily it precludes at once and unheard the temporary pleasures of the passing moment.

Edmund Gosse, in his delightful biographical volume, "Father and Son," talks interestingly of this sect, of no little influence in "those days of the wide revival of Conscience." He says: "They met only with a few extreme Calvinists like themselves on terms of what may almost be called negation, with no priest, no ritual, no festivals, no ornament of any kind, nothing but the Lord's Supper and the exposition of Holy Scripture drawing these austere spirits into any sort of cohesion. They called themselves the 'Brethren' simply, a title enlarged by the

world outside into Plymouth Brethren. . . . Pleasure was found nowhere but in the word of God, and to the endless discussion of the Scriptures each hurried when the day was over. . . . The peculiarities of a family life founded upon such principles are in relation to a little child obvious. Here was perfect purity, perfect intrepidity, perfect negation; yet there was also narrowness, isolation, an absence of perspective. . . . My parents founded every action, every attitude, upon their interpretation of the Scriptures, and upon the guidance of Divine Will." Of his mother, he says: "A Puritan in grain, never a word escaped from her, nor a phrase to suggest she had any privations." The characterization might have been made of Miss Norsworthy's mother. In this atmosphere of "perfect purity, perfect intrepidity, perfect negation," the sensitively endowed nature of Naomi Norsworthy grew to its fine fruition.

Mrs. Norsworthy subscribed to the tenets of the Brethren with the loyalty of an intense if repressed nature. It was essentially in keeping with her simplicity and directness that their doctrine should meet with her belief and support. During the years she lived in New Jersey where

those of this faith were few, she kept in close touch with the little group with which she had at once associated herself when she came to New York from England.

At the time of their marriage, Mr. Norsworthy gave to his bride the choice between living in Japan, and in New York City. She told in after years that her preference fell to New York for the sole reason that it was nearer her beloved England, and opportunity to go back there would be less remote. She would add that weighing against it, however, was the fact that all the escaped criminals from England proverbially made New York their place of refuge, and she did not at all know what to expect of her new home. She was married in 1875, and came to New York in August of that year.

Mrs. Norsworthy must have been comely to look upon at this time of life. She had brown eyes that could bore deep; auburn hair that never wholly lost its tint even at seventy years; a delicate complexion that flushed easily; a mouth that showed decided firmness of will. The figure was plump, and very erect; she showed the training of the mid-Victorian by sitting bolt upright in a chair, not leaning back at all, lest

she seemed to loll. As known to Miss Norsworthy's friends, she was a person of great decision of will, pronounced opinions, unusual capability, keen judgment, and no little formality of manner. One did not lightly presume with Mrs. Norsworthy; one felt uneasy about the "p's" and "q's," and wondered if one's hat was on straight. Yet Mrs. Norsworthy was most companionable, if never familiar. She quietly prided herself on her strong likes and dislikes. She must have been always a great reader. She wrote with much ease, and her letters were delightful, as are those of most English people. Apparently there was slight sentiment about her; she openly declared a distaste for poetry, and had no patience with demonstrations of personal feeling. Though cherishing her English traditions and inheritance, she said many times how truly glad she was that her children had had the opportunities that America alone could give them.

In the family, her word was law. She brooked no infractions of obedience, and saw that summary punishment fell on any violator of her edict. Her way was quiet, positive, and most effective with her children. She followed them up closely,

kept them secluded as few children are, and either busy or interested. Miss Norsworthy used to tell amusingly that one of the few recollections of her childhood that remained was connected with her violently slamming a door in her mother's hearing, in a flash of temper, after something had gone wrong; she said that thereafter when she wished to "let off steam" on inanimate objects, she would go to her own room and, behind carefully closed doors, open and shut dresser-drawers with a bang, having taken pains to assure herself that her mother was entirely out of ear-shot. The punishment meted out to the children was ordinarily a bread-and-water diet, or staying in the house for a given time, never corporal pain. The mother's vigilance must have been constant. Neighbors' children could come to play with hers, but they must stay at home. This attitude was the outcome partly of ideas of exclusiveness engendered by her own English rearing, and partly of her religious conviction. Their studies she supervised; it seems that early in their school life she desisted in her efforts to help them with their lessons, because her methods and those of their teachers did not coincide. It was her practice to

keep in constant touch with their teachers, so that she might know what studies the children were weak in and needed to stress. No doubt every teacher the children had would bear testimony to Mrs. Norsworthy's solicitude about their doing well in school.

Of Mrs. Norsworthy's will and thrift there is abundant proof. When she and her husband came to America, their little fund for beginning life was put in a savings bank until they should be ready to invest it; the bank failed soon afterwards, as banks sometimes will, and the little nest-egg was gone. Mr. Norsworthy's earnings were not large, and they were both too proud to call on their English relatives for assistance, so there arose the necessity for continued economy in which Mrs. Norsworthy must have been past master.

The oldest child died at the age of a few weeks. The second child, Naomi, came, and then two sons. With the increased demands of three children, it was decided that it would be best for the family to move to Orange, New Jersey, whither they went in 1883, the husband commuting to New York for his day's work. For two years they lived in Orange, and then

Mrs. Norsworthy determined to own her home. As Rutherford was more accessible to the city than Orange, therefore in better commuting distance, to Rutherford she went to select a site. So far as is known, she had no one to help her in choosing this place. Mr. Norsworthy was too occupied at his post of business to share with her the responsibility. It has been remarked by Rutherford friends what excellent acumen she showed in the lot she bought. At that time, in 1885, Rutherford was scarcely more than a "local habitation and a name," and she had no guide at all save her own good sense. She walked over the little village, considering the advantages of a number of locations, and finally settled on a spot on the crest of an elevation, across the street from the Episcopal Church. Did some haunting association with the church of her childhood help her to decide? The place is to-day considered, it is said, one of the most admired and valuable in Rutherford. The next necessity was to get the house built. She bought the lot, settled on house-plans, contracted for the building, and had ground broken in one week, so her son tells. Be it remembered the entire venture was undertaken on faith. She was a



stranger in the place, with no working capital, her only financial backing being her husband's earning capacity. Mr. Norsworthy evidently belonged to that large number of husbands who are willing to earn money and trust to their wives for its wise expending. That he was willing to do so was the best evidence of his belief in her business sense. How she managed to pay for this home no one knows; like many other things she accomplished, she just did it.

Her thrift was backed up by her capableness. She did beautiful work with her needle, making all her own and the children's clothes. Indeed, until the last year or two of her life, she took much pride in continuing to make all Miss Norsworthy's dresses, as well as her own, except their suits and evening gowns. Her skill with her needle must have been a great help in the days when her children were small. She knitted their winter stockings, mufflers, caps, and mittens; she made elaborate trimmings and did much fancy work of all kinds. Miss Norsworthy never lost an opportunity to boast of who her dressmaker was, and liking pretty clothes as she did, she never lacked them in later years.

This busiest of women who, on a scant in-

come, made a home and clothes for three children, persistently supervising their work and play, did not fail to answer every neighborly call. It was before trained nurses were readily to be had, and such capable women as she were needed in homes of distress. One friend bears testimony to Mrs. Norsworthy's helpfulness by saying, "She did things for people utter strangers to her that I would never do for my dearest friend." Where need was, there she was. It is said that sometimes she would actually incur the risk of bodily hurt when she would try to alleviate conditions in the homes of workmen where drink had the upper hand. This ministering to the needy was of course the religion that she lived.

Mrs. Norsworthy kept open house in the good old hospitable English way. There are instances of whole families being gathered under her roof for weeks at a time; sometimes it might be friends or neighbors who were moving, and were temporarily out of a home; again it might be stranded ministers, or English people who drifted across her path. No call of charity or chance for hospitality went unheeded. It should not be forgotten that these demands she met on a small in-

come that stretched little with the multiplied needs. The admirable part is that no one ever heard her complain, or worry over financial affairs, either then or later. She was so excellent a manager that her friends used to wonder among themselves if she did not have help from private and unknown sources. Her faith was great enough to believe that a way would be opened up, and the way always was opened.

Eight years were passed in the Rutherford home. The place, made beautiful with many flowers and fruit-trees, was excellently kept. Then the time came for Naomi to go to normal school, so she was to be away from home; the two boys would soon need broader opportunities than the little town of commuters afforded, therefore it seemed best to the mother to rent the home in Rutherford and return to New York. Naomi went to Trenton Normal, and the boys were put into the city schools.

The stimulation of the children appears to have continued unflagging. Mrs. Norsworthy resolved that they should have the best in education, and bent her efforts steadily towards that end. The father was anxious that the eldest son should serve an apprenticeship now that

the boy was old enough, after the continental fashion. The mother said no, that each child should have an education first, in keeping with the American idea. A constant watch was kept for chances that might offer them opportunities. She saw the advertisement of a competitive examination for entrance to Webb's Academy, an opportunity which meant training in marine engineering. For that scholarship the eldest son must try; to Webb's Academy he went. The second son was next to be provided for. The Pulitzer scholarship, valued at \$1750, offered seven years of secondary and college work. The newspapers carried notices of the competitive examination, which Mrs. Norsworthy hit upon. Here was the opening for the other boy. It meant for him the completion of courses at Horace Mann High School, and Columbia. He won it. In 1897, the family moved back to Rutherford for two years. In 1899, when the daughter was in Teachers College, and the younger son in Horace Mann, Mrs. Norsworthy thought it too much of a tax for them to continue commuting, so the Rutherford home was sold and the final move to New York made. It is gratifying to think how Mrs. Norsworthy's desires and

plans for the education of her children were successfully achieved. She saw all of them graduated from Columbia University, the youngest with a bachelor's degree in Mining Engineering, the second with a master's in Civil Engineering, and the oldest with a doctorate in Education. Not many mothers have so great cause for pride in motherhood as she had, or so well deserve it.

Mrs. Norsworthy was a methodical person with painstaking ways of doing things. She would not tolerate a maid, and all but the last few years of her married life she did the work of her own household, with the help of a laundress only. Any sort of disorder or carelessness was painful to her. Her energy for setting things straight was inexhaustible. A hand-illuminated motto that hung on the walls of her bedroom too well expresses some of her ideals to omit it:

The Beauty of the House  
is Order;  
The Blessing of the House  
is Contentment;  
The Glory of the House  
is Hospitality;  
The Crown of the House  
is Godliness.

Her fortitude and will stood forth the last two years of her life. Approaching the allotted threescore years and ten, she was apparently very vigorous, destined to live years longer. She entered happily into all Miss Norsworthy's interests; she went on outings; twice, unaccompanied, she crossed the continent to see the mining-engineer son, and was full of vivacity and endurance. She would reject not too patiently any gratuitous attempts at assistance, in coming up and down stairs for instance, letting it be known that she cared to exercise none of the usual prerogatives of age. Then came all unexpectedly the fell disease that pronounced her doom. Protesting against it, despite her suffering, she consented to call a physician only on Miss Norsworthy's insistence, to keep her peace of mind. Life was a matter of months, the doctor said; the trouble was carcinoma; the case was quite hopeless. An appeal was made to a great surgeon; without reservation or softening, he confirmed the previous diagnosis. After he had left, Mrs. Norsworthy turned quietly to the friend in the room and said without hesitation or voice-tremor, "I am afraid this will worry my little girl."

Miss Norsworthy made a hard fight for her mother's life. She could not believe there was no hope. Science, human intelligence, conquers so many ills, why not this one? The most eminent authorities were consulted; they gave no encouragement. Radium had been successfully used in some of these cases; it could be tried. The book, then being written, everything else but her mother, was forgotten. For the next two years she was the center of interest and anxiety. All efforts at relief proved useless. The cost of the next two years was heavy on Miss Norsworthy. The mother's bravery was wonderful. In the suffering of these two years, in which a major operation was tried, no complaint came from her. She closed her lips and made no moan. The end came September 23, 1915.

There is no difficulty in seeing the kinship between mother and daughter. Both had indomitable will, notable pluck, great endurance; the lives of both were characterized by loyalty to duty, independence of character, and inflexible rectitude. The Spartan note, the austerity of the mother, the daughter did not have; the deep sympathy and personal charm of the daughter the mother did not have. Tempera-

mentally they were not alike; but the capacity for sacrifice, the desire for service, the devotion to religious ideals, they shared in common.

"Mother and I are such good chums," Miss Norsworthy would say. She made it a rule to share intimately with her mother all her concerns and interests, for the sake of counsel as well as comradeship. Till the close of her own life she bore in mind her mother's wishes; long after most people would have abandoned the maternal ideas as guides for immaturity only, she had her pleasure in deferring to them. Many people found cause for wondering comment in Miss Norsworthy's seeming lack of interest in the opera and theater, a fact which rendered her almost a curiosity in this day and generation, but that in her eyes was fully justified because of her mother's attitude towards these diversions. She felt she could never render to her mother any part of all she owed her, and deference to her least wish was but slight tribute. No one who realized in part the closeness of the bond between the two could fail to understand the grievous longing for her mother that lingered with Miss Norsworthy the brief space of time that stretched between the death of her mother and her own.



### III

#### THE EARLY YEARS

NAOMI NORSWORTHY, the child of parents English by birth and American by preference, was born in New York City on September 29, 1877. The mother had at that time been in this country for two years, but the death of her first-born at the age of a few weeks had borne heavily on her, and she had not tried to make friends. Coincident with the advent of the oldest child had come to her an association whose persistence for over forty years bears testimony to the possible loyalty of human hearts. At one of the meetings of the few representatives of the Plymouth Brethren in New York City, Mrs. Norsworthy had met an English woman of sterling worth, also a newcomer, who was casting about for a means of livelihood in her new home. Mrs. Norsworthy, with ever-ready and capable helpfulness, undertook to assist her fellow countrywoman to self-support, meantime characteristically offering her a home. Becoming a member of the family in its daily

life for fifteen years while following her profession as a trained nurse, this friend played no small part in its annals. She was known to the children as "Nina." What material help she gave them is not recorded, but possessing many fine traits in common with the mother whose conservative judgments she reinforced, she was a valuable member of the little group. Her friendship is mentioned not only in simple justice, but also because she was one of the few persons who came in close contact with the child Naomi. Miss Norsworthy's devotion to her was unwavering, a loyalty the more worthy of comment because few of us but find it easy to allow the associations of early years to be washed away in "the swirl of spray and all that roar."

The two sons came. Necessity arose for the exercise of all the financial skill and personal efforts that the mother could command. Mrs. Norsworthy's serious acceptance of the problems of motherhood, strengthened by her religious bias, could but leave its deep impress on the three children. The boys were respectively two and four years younger than Naomi, who was taught that, being the oldest, she was to be the exemplar. It was an attitude so blended

with her life that she never cared to forget it through the years. This fact was itself an aid to the native contemplativeness of her disposition. Then, too, the mother's grief for the first-born naturally made her spend upon this next child the outpourings meant for two; from the first, she must have set Naomi "on the level of her soul." That such comradeship served to make the child serious beyond her years is perhaps to be regretted, but in this time was begun the intimacy of mother and daughter that persisted to the end, a source of strength and happiness for them both.

From mere infancy, Naomi was taught to believe what she should do, that she could do. It was an up-bringing with the true Spartan note in it. Certain tasks about the home were set aside for her, and she was held to strict accountability for them. After the school years came, their number was lessened, and they were largely confined to Saturdays, but never remitted. Mrs. Norsworthy considered these home duties an invaluable part of a girl's education. The daughter became an expert needle-woman, as well as an excellent housekeeper. It must not have occurred to the mother that

she demanded of the child abilities different from those expected of other children about her. She had been reared in the school of womanly accomplishments from her first years, why should not her daughter be? Her systematic, by-the-clock methods of work she impressed on Naomi in a way never forgotten. The household training of the childhood years remained, as well. One of the brothers says that in his judgment the most remarkable thing about his sister was her domesticity. With all her intellectual interests, and the many demands of her position, she managed to look after the details of the housekeeping, when her mother gave it up during the last few years of her life, taking pleasure and pride in it.

The children were taught the Bible by strict drill at home. On a favored occasion, one of them was allowed to visit Sunday School with a friend, and showed such excellent knowledge of the Bible that the teacher asked, interestedly, "Where do you go to Sunday School?" and got the reply, "To my mother." A funny little tale is told as the outcome of Naomi's effort later to apply the careful and literal teachings of the Scriptures she had received. When

she entered school, a would-be play-fellow made advances to her, and was met by the query, "Do you love God?" Naturally taken aback by so direct a question as to her subjective state of mind, the little girl stammered confusedly, "I don't know." Straight came the rejoinder from the small Puritan, "Then I can't play with you." She was trying to live the admonition of the text, "Have no fellowship with unbelievers." The primary-grader faithfully reported this incident to her mother on arriving at home, and Mrs. Norsworthy, somewhat troubled thereby, confided to a friend that she was not at all certain that her own literal interpretation of the Bible was working out wisely with her children. The friend who tells this story says the immediate result of it was to stimulate the mother to cultivate in the children wider association with more "unbelievers."

Another happening of childhood often told by friends of these early years had to do with Naomi's faith in prayer, at the age of six. It was immediately after the family had moved to Orange. A heavy blizzard in the night caused Mrs. Norsworthy uneasiness as to the arrival

of the usual household supplies, so at breakfast she told the children they could have only cereal, as she feared the baker could not make his rounds. Later in the morning, Mrs. Norsworthy heard Naomi talking to herself, and never having observed such a habit in the child, curiosity prompted her to listen. Naomi was pouring forth a petition that God would please send bread before night, with the due perfectness of a child's fervid faith. In the course of the waning afternoon, the man living across the street ploughed his difficult way through snowdrifts to the Norsworthy door, with two loaves of bread for his new neighbors, fearing, he said, that they might not have enough for emergency needs. Mrs. Norsworthy said that the child looked at her triumphantly and exclaimed, "I knew God would send us some bread," to the amazement of the self-appointed messenger and the relief of the mother, who had feared disappointment for the child. The simple directness of this faith Miss Norsworthy never outgrew.

Mrs. Norsworthy used to tell the little incident that first impressed her with Naomi's swiftness of physical response. The children had a dog, which was their inseparable com-

panion, a diminutive fox terrier, the cause of a minor tragedy for Naomi later. One of the small brothers, under the eager eye of the dog, dropped a bag of peanuts, and though the doggie was nearer him than Naomi was, and made his hungry pounce with all the quickness of his breed, the little girl was quicker, and rescued the imperiled treasure from the eager paws. The movement on her part was so instantaneous that the mother said it was borne in on her for the first time that her daughter was more alert than the ordinary child. This same dog was repeatedly the occasion of Naomi's exhibiting her characteristic pluck. He must have been a fussy small dog, unduly given to picking quarrels. Mrs. Norsworthy had finally to forbid Naomi's interceding further in his behalf. She would tackle anything that menaced the animal, regardless of danger to herself.

That there was slight difference in the ages of the children was fortunate for the feminine member of the trio. There is nothing but the childhood memories of the brothers on which to establish these early years, but it seems that the boys set the pace and the girl followed. She was not alone "little mother" to them, but

good fellow as well. Her own interests naturally took on the complexion of theirs, something for which she often declared herself grateful. Dolls she had given her, — does any girl escape them? — but she said they possessed no attraction. Compared to the vigorous tastes and pursuits of her brothers, she thought she found dolls too colorless. There is a satisfaction all its own in jotting down the fact that as a child Miss Norsworthy was considered a “tom-boy.” She was taught to box with her brothers; she went on fishing jaunts with them; on tramps searching Indian arrowheads; on long wood-rambles; she climbed trees, wrestled, and seemingly held her own pretty well as a “good sport” with her brothers and their friends. The hoydenish characteristic was so decided, indeed, that her father’s pet name for her was “Boy.” His invariable employment of the name in speaking to her during her last illness caused him to be asked for an explanation, and his answer was, “I have called her that always; she was such a tom-boy as a child.” The one remaining nickname she ever possessed in the family was another that brings a smile, “Sleepy.” This cognomen was the fun-poking one given



her by her brothers, when, a little later in her teens, the time came for day-dreams; at first it was "Trancy," because they said her musings buried her so deep she seemed "in a trance," and then it grew to be "Sleepy." The very incongruity of the two names, "Boy" and "Sleepy," with all that one associates with her maturer years, makes them worth recording. The use of them persisted in the family till the end.

Mrs. Norsworthy's determination to arouse the children's desire to learn, and her efforts to turn them into inquiring directions, have been told. A method she employed for years was to read to them every afternoon. Without variation they were required to come in at 5.30 and sit about the dining-room table while the mother read to them for an hour or more. Her choice of books leaned towards travel and history. The father's commuting from the city made necessary a late dinner, for which the children were not allowed to wait. When formal schooling began, this routine was somewhat modified; there was less reading aloud and more supervised study. To the training of these years, particularly to the type of books read, the mother always thought

could be attributed the success of the second son in winning the Pulitzer scholarship. Certainly the mother's intelligent supervision and insistent demand for concentration on their studies left its mark on all three children. In the light of the needs of the after-development of Naomi, it would seem that Mrs. Norsworthy's ideas of secluding them was an error. However well-hidden was Miss Norsworthy's timidity in her grown-up years, all who knew her realized what it made her suffer, and this natural timidity had been intensified, necessarily, by the seclusion of her childhood. It is easy to pardon this mistake on the mother's part on the score of zeal of interest and ambition; nor is the fervor of her religious conviction ever to be forgotten. She wished to meet without evasion the responsibilities of motherhood in seeing that her children were successfully guarded from untoward influences or unworthy occupations. However their seclusion may have from one viewpoint cut them off from unrestrained association with other children, and therefore from social activities considered normal, there can be no doubt that the atmosphere thus created furnished an excellent one for the

burgeoning of individuality. There is that in the daily round of life of the little brood which inevitably reminds one of the Brontë family. In that case, the inflexible and controlling factor was the father instead of the mother; but in the exclusion, the adult direction, the inventive need of self-entertainment and effort, the repression, and yet the highly individual characterization of the two groups, there is much in common.

With the beginning of school came new and broader influences. The brooding ambition of the mother was shown in the intense interest she took in the daily progress of each child at school. It has been told how she conferred often with their teachers, discovered the weaknesses of the children and where to direct their efforts and hers. It is said no lapse or deficiency on the part of any one of them failed to call forth her deep concern and redoubled efforts. All three children were lamentably poor spellers; they were put to work on spelling with the energy and persistence characteristic of the mother, with the result that two of the three became creditable spellers. Music lessons began for Naomi at the same time with formal schooling.

Her mother gave her lessons, and later she had another teacher. One of the first objects attained in after years, when she began to teach, and had money for her own spending, was the purchase of a piano, which for a time she greatly enjoyed. This fact bears further testimony to the range of her tastes and abilities, and for that reason is worth a reference. Her musical talents were swallowed up later by other interests, but music remained with poetry, a hidden and major love.

Miss Norsworthy often remarked that the most distinct memory of her childhood was that everything in it turned on her resolve to be a teacher; that she could not recall a time when it was not the strongest desire in her, and that her one dread was that she would never know enough to reach her aim! Always self-distrustful, her lack of confidence no doubt served to multiply her efforts. The teachers of these first school years say she "worked for what she got." The query naturally comes whether this was true because of anxiety lest she should not be able "to learn enough to be a teacher," or because of extreme conscientiousness and thoroughness. It is not easy to think of her, even

as a child, as a mental plodder. Thus, however, the testimony of the teacher of the early years runs. Her mother's excessive desire for her pre-eminence probably acted as an extra spur; there can be no doubt that in these years of "working for what she got" was laid the foundation of habits of concentration that stood her in such good stead in later times.

Mrs. Norsworthy's hope in choosing New York as a place of residence that she might find more opportunities to visit her beloved England was not to be disappointed. Her accomplishment of this end is another cause for wonder that ranges with her success in buying her home. Several trips across she made with the children, and England was a garden of happy memories for them all. It was her custom to pay them, between these visits, regular wages for certain of the household chores, thus nominally encouraging them to pay for their passage in that way. The chief anticipative glee of the two brothers in these ocean-jaunts was in talking about how seasick Naomi was going to be, and she never disappointed their expectations.

During the early childhood years there was no hint of physical weakness. It is said that

fifteen years passed without the presence of a physician in the house. One day when wrestling with one of the brothers, Naomi had a hard fall and complained afterward of her hip; it was then that the doctor discovered unevenness in the limbs. Heroic treatment was advised; a heavy weight was to be attached to the knee and suspended on a pulley from the foot of the bed at night. How long this treatment was kept up is not known, but for months. Her ankles had always been weak, but not painful, necessitating the wearing of braces; this defect had barred her from skating, a deprivation she never ceased to bewail. The handicap of weak ankles, though, is the only one she seems to have felt until the hip trouble was discovered. The very strength of her nervous energy may have driven her on over a constitutional frailty that would have hampered many a child. It is true that from infancy she was not a good sleeper; here again the nervous physicality, but the tendency to insomnia wore off in later years, possibly routed by sheer physical exhaustion.

The early years spent in the little towns of Orange and Rutherford without doubt left their indelible markings on Miss Norsworthy's

impressionable nature. It was an uneventful childhood, quite commonplace in many ways, yet in it may be found the seeds of the later fruition of character and temperament distinctively hers. A sense of responsibility, ideals of thoroughness and order, singleness of purpose, and the formation of intellectual habits had all been inculcated by the mother. The healthy give-and-take of two brothers had happily offset any over-delicate tendency of a nature so sensitive. The free life of a country town had brought to her certain view-points that were invaluable. Familiarity with field and wood and their citizens remained thereafter among her most treasured knowledge. She had a surprising acquaintance with wild things. Birds and trees and native flowers had their haunting memories. The stars, too, were among the persisting loves of childhood; study of the constellations had been one of the many interests of her mother's "round-table" readings, and with the seasons' cycles, in the crowded city, she would watch for their successive returns. She often spoke of the time she "lived in a house" in contrast to the years in a New York apartment, and always she

accounted herself lucky to have known the freedom of the open. In her were elemental things in harmony with nature, and these years of childhood were indeed blessed in having placed her where they could be nurtured. The resurgent life of every springtime called insistently to her, and the Easter holidays never failed to find her answering; the jeweled panoply of autumn caused in her delight only a lover can know. The odor of pines, or any other breath of forest or field would bring the light to her eyes and excited exclamations to her lips. The sea was a passion; of it she never tired. These innate joys had their roots in the life of the early years; without them would have been subtracted much from the residual interests that remained with her as abiding joys.



## IV

### THE STUDENT YEARS

SOME one has said about Mrs. Norsworthy's well-thought-out plans for her children's school years, "It is the sort of thing every mother might be expected to do for her children, but that every mother does n't." The discussions and the firmly established habits of concentration and study stood the children well in hand when they began to attend school. They had been taught to read; their drill in reading and memorizing texts from the Bible even in the early years had been thorough. The mother had required undivided attention to her reading aloud and had had them reproduce in their own words what she read. Their talks on books read together had stimulated their interests and imagination so that they were more capable of long sustained attention than most young children. Steady insistence on the need for self-reliance and independence, imposed in terms of home duties as well as in words, had developed them. Their first teachers speak of

their quiet obedience, ready responses, quick intelligence, and their "infinite capacity for taking pains."

Naomi began school after the family moved to Rutherford at the age of eight. She must have been a quaint little person. There is a picture of the family group taken at this time which is interesting. Both mother and children are decidedly English in dress, necessarily so, since Mrs. Norsworthy made her own and the children's clothes, and she was still far too loyal to the traditions of her up-bringing to discard English styles. Mrs. Norsworthy is shown sitting in her characteristic erect fashion, straight-browed, firm-lipped; Naomi stands beside her, a demure little girl, with wide-open, wondering eyes, hair brushed straight back from a beautiful brow, and hands that even then showed the nervous restlessness always associated with them.

The teachers of Naomi's first years in school speak of her as being different from most children in her sense of responsibility, her old-fashioned ways, and her odd little dresses. They say she was dependable and ambitious beyond her years. A noticeable trait was her desire to

protect anything or anybody weaker than she was, about whom she might throw a shielding arm. They comment, too, on her surprising knowledge of the Bible, not realizing what faithful training she had had in the daily reciting at home of Scripture texts.

These years in elementary school are the ones during which it is said she "worked for what she got." There can be no doubt that thus early her ambition was afire. She felt even at this tender age the responsibility of doing well in school that she might some day become a teacher, just as she also felt the responsibility of being the oldest child. Truly not for naught had she from babyhood been let into the confidence of her mother. The happenings of every day, no matter how small, she brought home and shared with this mother to whom nothing that had concerned or interested the little child was ever trivial. This companionship in itself was an added spur to her ambition. She wished to achieve the triumphs of her little world that she might make her mother happy in sharing them with her. It has been remarked, possibly with cause, that Mrs. Norsworthy did not realize the steady pressure she

put on this keenly strung child of whom she was so justly proud at all times. The daughter never realized it, either then or later; she tried only to meet it.

Through the primary and grammar school days she was this child of panting ambition, of great gentleness, and of lively imagination, a little creature eager for all knowledge, never weary of working for the coveted goal, nor easily turned aside from it. It is the type of child that will, of course, always stand well in school, regardless of the teachers that come and go. The school reports of these years show Naomi's marks highest in mathematics and history, and lowest in spelling and penmanship.

One of her elementary teachers tells an interesting anecdote concerning her at the age of ten. Naomi handed in a composition that her teacher commended as being an unusually good one, but she remonstrated about the great number of misspelled words it contained. The words were duly underscored, and Naomi was told to re-write the composition with the words correctly spelled. On seeing the defaced composition, and learning that she was to write it over merely because of incorrect spelling, she

flared up in a bit of a temper: "I thought this was a *composition*, not a *spelling* lesson. What difference does it make how the words are spelled?"

The Rutherford school at this time had no high school, and Naomi completed its work in 1893, at the age of fifteen, standing first in her class. A few weeks before the time for the close of the school year, the family moved back to New York, leaving her in Rutherford with a friend of her mother's, who speaks appreciatively of how companionable she found this girl of fifteen. Her repose of manner and range of interests are said to have been unusual for her age, both of which traits she owed to her mother rather than to her training in school. As a matter of fact, she often spoke laughingly of the "gaps" in her education. The lack of those studies usually pursued in high school necessarily placed her subsequently at a disadvantage. She had no work in Latin, little in history and modern languages, and indeed, inadequate preparation in mathematics and science for her succeeding needs. This fact subjected her to a sense of inequality in normal school, and later in college, but it called into play the

splendid concentration of which she was so capable. It served to restrict her activities and friendships during her normal school years far beyond what they should have been. Her rearing in the strict terms of her mother's evangelical faith would of itself have cut her off from much of the girlish frivolity to be expected during this period, but she need not have been so bound to the grind of her studies as she was by this inadequate preparation. It was the one regret she was ever known to voice over her school days, that she had been compelled to devote herself so assiduously to her studies as to lessen her human companionships.

The fall of 1893, before her sixteenth birthday, she entered the New Jersey State Normal at Trenton. The students were older than she was, and with very few exceptions, better prepared. Her intellectual pride was aroused as never before. These are the student days to whose effort and concentration her roommate of the time pays such ready tribute. She was entering normal at an age when she should have been in high school. Accustomed always to leading the front ranks in school, she felt the

handicap of being in classes with young women her superiors in years and training, and it stung her that they seemed able to accomplish their tasks much more easily and successfully than she could. She was far from the physical strength that should have been hers to call upon for heavy mental effort. It was the year before that the painful fall had brought to light the discrepancy in the hips. She was still under the doctor's orders to weight down the limb with the attachment suspended at night from the knee. The process would doubtless be painful enough for any one, and for a person of her nervous sensibility, a poor sleeper at best, it must have been the keenest torture. The pain was so great that she could not sleep, and though her roommate exhausted her arguments trying to persuade her to discard the appliance, the child would not allow herself to do so until her lessons began to suffer seriously; even then, she waited to write home for her mother's permission to discontinue the use of it. Another annoyance was her throat, which troubled her constantly. There were several attacks of quinsy, and finally the tonsils were removed. The constant application to her

studies left little time for recreation, and there is testimony of moments of utter physical exhaustion during the years at Trenton. -

Her scholastic record, however, shows no evidence of this physical weakness. One of her teachers of this period says of her: "It took some time to individualize her, for she was very quiet in her manner and shy about voluntary work at first. After a while, I found that the little dark-eyed student was always prepared; no matter who else had come with surface preparation, or had 'forgotten,' her work was always thorough, and her memory was to be depended upon. Her attention was unflagging. Later I discovered that she had a perfect passion for clearness; question after question persistently followed, until she could say with a wonderful brightening of the whole face, 'That is quite clear now.' I was presenting psychology from the genetic standpoint, and frequently had the feeling that I was meeting in her mind a body of views which conflicted with my own. I realized how much was — for her — too firmly settled to admit of question. At that time she had no idea of specializing in psychology."

Another of her normal school teachers says:



"Miss Norsworthy was very frail when at Trenton, and most ambitious. She had no difficulty in acquiring high marks, for her work all came very easily. She made no intimate friends, though the girls all respected her, and called upon her readily for help. Her religion prevented her entering into their gayeties or joining their societies, and too, she needed to seek rest and quiet often, for young as she was, she was often sadly exhausted. She always dressed simply, and her clothes were often quaint, making her all the more charming in appearance. Her mother made them and, in her eyes, that was enough; no one else could make clothes to suit her. Her memory was wonderful. On class-day, she had more than a hundred mementoes to give to different members of her class, and she insisted on doing it without notes. She did not forget a line."

Yet another of her instructors of these Trenton days says: "Hers was a rarely intellectual and modest personality. Though unusually reticent in expressing her opinion, we soon discovered that this slight girl was to be our greatest aid in working out a problem. I said to myself, 'Naomi Norsworthy has a mind like run-

ning water, the clearest I have met in this work,' and this opinion was never changed. She was so young, barely sixteen, and her youth, with her clear sweet voice and diffidence of manner gave her more charm. She was even then a mature thinker." And another: "It became a common saying among her instructors, 'If you want the summary of a lesson that will be worth preserving, call upon Naomi Norsworthy.' Not only in those respects by which we commonly characterize the student was she unusual, but the modesty and simplicity of the girl were never lost in the maturity of thought and expression of the woman. Her great success as a teacher was the logical outcome of what she was as a student."

One of the Trenton classmates remembers through the intervening years the impression made on her by Miss Norsworthy's quick mentality in connection with this incident: the physics professor had not covered the work he had hoped to accomplish, therefore the last lesson before examination he announced that he would go rapidly over the omitted principle in the hope that some in the class might comprehend it; most of them were utterly at sea

after this flying presentation, but Naomi Norsworthy had the principle entirely clear.

Illustrative of that persistence with which she invariably followed any end once undertaken is a memory told of these school days. Coming home to Rutherford for a week-end, Miss Norsworthy's expectation of returning to Trenton in time for her duties the following Monday was upset by a terrific snowstorm. All traffic had to be suspended. She would not listen to the protestations of the family on her attempting to return to Trenton, but donning coat and hat, she seated herself by the window so that she might hail any driver adventurous enough to fare forth, no matter if his vehicle might be delivery wagon or humble cart. She sat there all day long, unrewarded. But for her mother's positive forbidding, she would have set out to walk to the station. Her brothers long delighted in teasingly reminding her of this lengthy wait as abiding proof of her inborn stubbornness.

These three years at Trenton could have had in them for Miss Norsworthy little of the experiences that are usually known and should be known to a girl's later teens. From full en-

trance into the pleasures and interests of her school friends she was barred by her religious convictions. We see the devotion to the ideal of service, however, that so glorified her whole life. She came for the first time into close contact with people outside the shelter of the home and the circle of friends chosen by her mother; for the first time she was called upon to stand by her principles without the support of her mother's daily encouragement. In her teachers she found warm and abiding friends; though the years were overcrowded with efforts to make up deficiencies in her previous training, and the full days were hampered by ill health, yet she looked back upon her Trenton associations with keen pleasure.

Normal training was intended only as a stepping stone to an immediate teaching position, so that, by becoming self-supporting as soon as possible, Miss Norsworthy might work for a purpose long in view, — better preparation for her professional career through training at Teachers College. Just as she could not remember when she did not intend to become a teacher, she said, neither could she remember when she first determined to go to Teachers

College. On graduating from Trenton Normal in 1896, not yet nineteen, she was the first member of her class to receive a teaching appointment. The post was in the public schools of Morristown, New Jersey, as teacher of a third-grade class. The three succeeding years in Morristown she always thought of as part of her professional training. Here, too, was felt the charm and strength of her, despite her youth. Practically her entire free time was devoted to filling in the "gaps" in her education so that she might enter Teachers College.

In the fall of 1899, Miss Norsworthy matriculated in Teachers College. It was her intention when she entered to specialize in chemistry, a branch of science which had always particularly attracted her. The discerning judgment of the head of the psychology department at once singled her out as a young woman of unusual mentality, and it was under his encouragement that all ideas of being a teacher of chemistry vanished. The first paper she wrote for his class favorably attracted his attention. On returning it, he read her name from the back, "Naomi Norsworthy," in accents that she always afterwards insisted were the

most sepulchral she had ever heard, and asked the writer to remain for a moment after class; from that day her subject for specialization became psychology. She never failed to testify to her gratitude for the inspiration given her by this man of science, and for his direction of her interest to the field of psychology. Of her early days at Teachers College he says: "She was a member of my first classes, and though quiet at that time, impressed me early as a girl of excellent judgment and strong human devotion. She was made a student assistant the following year. Dr. Norsworthy as a student was quieter than later. Though always interested and wide awake, she was not specially prominent in class discussions or the like. She had a deep interest in psychology as a student as well as a teacher, and resisted later the efforts of those who tried to direct her into executive and administrative work. She was also then as always extremely conscientious. In very many ways she was like her mother. It was from her that the children had their intellectual abilities and general sagacity, I think."

On being made student-assistant in the department of psychology in 1900, the year

following her entrance into Teachers College, Miss Norsworthy began the long term of service, catalogued and uncatalogued, that lasted sixteen full years. She made it her concern to seek out students with difficulties and bend all her efforts to helping them strengthen themselves. Here began the practice of giving all her open time to others, little though it was, even then. She was determined to spare her mother so far as she could, and began to look after the household affairs more than she had done. Before going to Teachers College each morning, she prepared her own and her mother's breakfast, served her mother's to her in bed, and set the apartment in order. In the afternoon she hurried home to help with the preparation of dinner. The household duties assumed at this time she never gave over, and, not sharing her mother's distaste for servants, in later years she was wise enough to keep a maid.

Miss Norsworthy received the degree of Bachelor of Science from Teachers College in 1901, and at once she began to work for her doctorate, having received an appointment as assistant in psychology. Her small physical

strength annoyed her persistently. Teaching, coaching weak students, studying, working diligently on a thesis, and keeping house are duties large enough for the best of us, however physically fit. There were operations that came in these years, but she seems to have been too busy to pay much heed to them. Her thesis, "The Psychology of Mentally Deficient Children," entailed a vast amount of work, as all familiar with it know. It necessitated her visiting several institutions for mentally defective children for months at a time, and keeping some of the inmates under constant observation. In 1904 she received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and her formal student years were ended.



## V

### THE YEARS AT TEACHERS COLLEGE

No other phase of Miss Norsworthy's life presents the difficulty in delineation that her work as a teacher does. Her power here all but defies analysis. One cannot tell how she did it, but only what she did. Teaching was with her a very unusual gift; she possessed an aptitude for getting hold of people's minds and firing their interests with her exhaustless magnetism so that the hours in her classes were looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, often with delight. Her teaching had in it a large social element that robbed a recitation or lecture of every vestige of humdrumness. Details that in hands less skillful than hers would be surrounded by dust from the rattling of dry bones took on color and light from the lambent fire of her personality. Her common-sense illustrations, clear exposition, with now and then a flash of humor, together with her questions and comments so stimulated the student's mind that it worked better than at other

times. For her, "being a teacher" was not a business; it was a joy.

Her official connection with Teachers College began in 1901, when she was made assistant in psychology; 1902-04, she served as tutor; 1904 to 1909, as instructor; in 1909, she was made associate professor.

It will scarcely be wrong to say that her aim as a teacher rested broadly on two general principles; first, the desire to know her subject masterfully, and second, the determination through sympathetic insight to arouse the individual members of her classes each to make his contribution to the discussions in order that the points covered might be broader and better suited to serve the definite needs of the many. She seldom gave lectures, and the few that she did give could hardly be called formal. "I must know what is in the minds of my students, and the general trend of their needs and interests before I can get anywhere," she used to say. The way in which she conducted her classes was peculiarly her own. One young woman who previously had been a student of Miss Norsworthy's determined to catch the trick of her teaching, and haunted her classroom for a whole term,

taking down notes and observing diligently; at the end of the time she gave up, convinced, she said, that the laws of genius in teaching work as indirectly and without visible means as in other lines of endeavor. The one definite conclusion she reached seemed to be that Miss Norsworthy never antagonized; her characteristic phrase, "Would you be willing to grant that—," being firmly implanted in the observer's consciousness as a leading principle of her procedure.

It was her habit to begin the work of the hour with a rapid, clear-cut summary of that of the preceding time, such a summary as few teachers can give, which threw into high relief all the valuable points previously made. There followed a few illuminating suggestions concerning the day's subject, and discussion began. It is useless to attempt to tell the how of the consummately skillful way in which she guided it so that "the timid were emboldened to take part, the hazy thinkers were led to clear expression, the belligerent were rendered willing to compromise, and the stubborn were allowed to convince themselves of the opposite view," as has been excellently said. Her power as a

teacher was part of the gift of her personality. As the musician knows his instrument, she knew her classes, and played upon them. Her abounding sympathy and incisive intellect gave her quick access to the minds of her students, and they responded. "The only times in my life that I ever felt that I was mentally gifted were the moments that I spent in Dr. Norsworthy's class," said one of her students. "I never understood how it happened, but somehow it seemed that what *she* knew was flashed into *my* mind and before I knew it, I would be talking fluently, eloquently it sounded to my own ears, about some subject that I had hitherto had only the mistiest conception of." This expression voices what was widely felt by her students, that in the class discussions they seemed impenetrated by somewhat of Miss Norsworthy's own knowledge and brilliance. Among the greatest of her gifts was this ability to make one feel himself to be a bigger person than he had hitherto thought.

Few of her students can easily forget the fertility of her illustrations, and the quick flashes of her intellect. Her illustrations were drawn from far-flung fields, everyday life, science, lit-

erature, art, and so clearly phrased that any one could easily follow the application. Sometimes their very commonplaceness made them interesting, because unexpected. Her delivery was rapid; with all the quick readiness of her physical self, utterance lagged far behind the mental processes. For this reason, the taking of notes was not easy, and too, the atmosphere in her classes was often so surcharged with liveliness of interest that transcription of notes lapsed of its own accord. Professional stenographers, even, had difficulty following her rapid speech. She had been told of it, and tried to be careful about it, but her on-rushing ideas would sweep away the would-be inhibition. This quickness of mental activity showed itself also in her lavish use of varied and original abbreviations. She was fond of all sorts of graphic representations, and liberally sprinkled them with unexpected abbreviations. In making these graphs, her restless, sensitive hands flew swiftly and accurately across the board until it was easy to abandon one's self to watching them instead of following her line of thought. Her more intimate letters were full of abbreviated words that most people would not think

of shortening, because her thoughts so crowded upon one another.

Principles upon which Miss Norsworthy placed much emphasis in her teaching are: the immense value of habit formation in education and in life; the fact that man is a social unit, neither "free" nor "equal," but according to his gifts responsible as a contributory factor to the good of his group; and that conduct is character, since "Deeds determine character as much as character determines deeds." It is easy to see that here entered her own ideas of human values. She believed thoroughly in the dictum that "The price of a disciplined intellect and will is eternal vigilance in the formation of habits," and she lost no opportunity to present that proposition with its proofs. It may be said parenthetically that training in psychology had but confirmed what experience had taught her under the disciplining eye of a wise mother. She stressed greatly the necessity for accepting the terms "character" and "habit" as wholly synonymous, and that he alone is moral who chooses deliberately and pursues relentlessly those habits of action which make for the good of his group.

Her former students will long recall the extraordinary clarity and inexhaustible variety with which she presented the facts of educational psychology, never forgetting the human side of life. One of them says: "Certain of her words that I found in my notebook I committed to memory because they sound so much like her. Whenever I repeat them, the eloquent earnestness with which she said them to us comes to me: 'First of all, and above all, man is a social unit, depending on others, and sustaining others. His moral test is conduct and motive. What we do alone counts, not what we aspire to do; to consider the motive is essential only as it flowers into conduct. In connection with final habits, no one can hope to get out of the transition period, for once our theory of conduct is formulated and put into action, we are ready for the next higher step. Broadening vision, fresh inspiration, keep alive the chance for growth, always dynamic in itself. The world grows, life grows, the individual must needs grow, — through conscious choice, through reason, through will, through ideals.' "

Miss Norsworthy's classes at Teachers College were always large. She speaks in one of

her letters of meeting each week four hundred and eighty different students. This fact greatly increased the volume of work in the matters of correcting papers and giving individual help. She would never delegate to an assistant the valuing of examinations or periodical papers, because she felt that by reading them herself she could more justly gauge the work of her students. The zest of her interest in them seemed never to stale, for behind the paper she always saw its writer, and felt his interest to be hers.

Of the several stories about Miss Norsworthy extant at Teachers College, one goes back to the early days of her apprenticeship as an instructor. The head of the psychology department was to be absent, and she was unexpectedly called on to take his classes. It would have been a trying experience for any young teacher, for many of the students at Teachers College are by no means novices, nor are they inarticulate. For Miss Norsworthy, it was a doubly trying time both because of her inexperience as compared to theirs, and because of her shyness and self-depreciation, intensified by the high valuation that she knew was universally put upon the absent professor. As she appeared before



the class, no doubt inwardly hoping that some phenomenon might even yet happily relieve her of the necessity of trying to teach it, a seriously-taking-himself person on the front row with the ready resentment for the unknown, remarked to his neighbor, "Where is the professor to-day? and who is this in his place? I, for one, did not come to Teachers College to be taught by a chit of a girl." Miss Norsworthy heard the remark, and human creature that she was, it thoroughly fired her. It is easy to fancy how her eyes must have blazed wrath, and her cheeks flamed. The shrinking and dread with which she had faced the class fell from her. She was no longer a "chit of a girl," but a roused fighter. That recitation went with vim and snap. Questioned about this incident, Miss Norsworthy laughed with the glee of a child, and answered, "Of course I remember that. It was one of the triumphs of my teaching, because at the close of the hour, that man came up and told me how he had enjoyed the session. I never felt more giddy with victory in my life."

An incident of more recent years is told. A certain man had been advised by former students, as was often done, to be sure to register

for courses with Dr. Norsworthy. Impressed with the unanimity of the counsel he received on the subject, he elected Dr. Norsworthy's course, and felt that he had done his full duty by himself and his interested friends. His chagrin was keen when the professor presented herself, "a slip of a woman." On further thought, before the next class day, he decided that somehow he had been cheated, and that redress was due him for something from some quarter or other. Such situations are the causes for a dean's being; to the dean he would go. His complaint was listened to patiently and fully, — that he had been misled into registering for a course with Dr. Norsworthy under the assumption that the Doctor was a man, and she was not at all. The dean finally told him that he was still laboring under some sort of false impression, — "You will find her one of the strongest men on our faculty. Go to her classes a few times and see if you do not think her so." This story, a true one, is rounded out by the man's returning to the dean in the course of time to assure him that his opinion concerning Dr. Norsworthy as one of the "strong men" of the faculty was entirely true.

A woman long associated with Miss Norsworthy on the faculty of Teachers College aptly puts many of the things for which she stood in the daily life of the institution: "Sometimes all the qualities of mind and heart that we most prize will be combined in one person, — brilliant scholarship, magnetism, patience, sympathy. So we knew her. Because of her ever-ready human helpfulness, too much was put upon her for her spirit's willing offer. Busy as we both were, at the beginning of each year she gave me an hour of her full time to help my students gather up the threads of their previous work in psychology on which my course could be built. The time was one of joy, as I sat in her class and listened to the rare skill with which she touched the high points of the work of the preceding year. To me, too, she gave constantly new views of my own field, as with quick speech and brilliant eyes she gave us of her best. Before the days of the Woman's Faculty Club, a small group of women faculty members would gather in the various homes to discuss our many problems. Dr. Norsworthy was always ready to help, and with keen insight and quiet words calm our often excited

discussions. Who else was ever to the students what she was! As I go from one part of the country to the other, I realize more fully than ever before that to many, Teachers College was Naomi Norsworthy. Students have always asked of her first when they have come for college news. The memory of her as I last saw her lingers. She was standing before a great audience of six thousand teachers, at a Superintendents' Meeting. I can hear her spirit speaking through her words, and afterwards see the old students crowd about her for the valued word of greeting."

A tribute that she would like, says: "Clarity and simplicity characterized her presentation of her subject, and straight, direct thinking was called out by her manner of conducting discussions. No concealing of imperfect understanding and half-knowledge under cover of high-sounding phrases was possible. Creating an atmosphere of sincere seeking for truth in her classroom, she stimulated her students to genuine inquiry. Every one who came into the circle of Miss Norsworthy's acquaintance spoke of her strong personality. Her breadth and generosity of mind, her vivid outlook on

life, her kindly and unaffected interest in the problems and ambitions of other lives, and her staunch integrity in dealing with all questions either intellectual or moral were striking traits. Her charm of personality was never made use of in her teaching to secure the personal allegiance of her students. She seemed wholly unconscious of possessing any particular qualities which might give her an enthusiastic personal following. Her popularity rested on no factitious or superficial basis; it grew steadily from year to year because she was recognized as a great leader and a great soul."

Another professor who knew her well, says:

"Her flexibility in understanding and utilizing any worth-while contribution from any of the students effectually created in them the attitude of responsibility for participating in the work of the hour. Then, as one student put it, 'She was so anxious that the one called on should do well; her whole facial expression seemed as though she would literally pull the answer out; then, when it did come and was good, she was so happy.' Well we remember that absorbed, anxious frown and the forward inclination of the head, followed by the quick

nod of approval and the delighted snap of her big, brown eyes. But woe betide the lazy student who prepared only textbook replies, or the one who talked in vague generalities. The first was soon heard bewilderedly inquiring 'What *is* she driving at?' While the second was brought to share Miss Norsworthy's disappointment when, in looking for specific details, she found none.

"It was a joy, in the early years of her teaching, to watch for the awakening of her classes to the fact that they had an instructor of no mediocre ability. Year after year, the neutral, guarded attitude of the September opening days became the surprised eagerness of October, and developed before Thanksgiving into the enthusiastic coöperation so characteristic of her classroom. In the more recent years no such awakening was necessary, for the students came prepared for their special opportunity. As the alumni scattered to all parts of the country they carried her reputation with them; so that we soon grew accustomed to hear, on registration days, inquiries for the courses Miss Norsworthy gave, as though that was the main object of the students' search. Often was re-

counted the tale of students from far distant States who had chosen Teachers College rather than some other institution because they had been told, 'Oh, go by all means to Teachers College — you must, Miss Norsworthy is there.' Indeed, when the rapidly increasing numbers of students necessitated simultaneous sections of one course, it was no easy task to console those who did not have the good fortune to be in her division."

Of her other interests, this:

"The weekly informal reception at her home during several years were centers of such fun and good companionship; then the simple picnic joys with the annually changing members of the Y.W.C.A. cabinet; the numerous luncheons and dinners also at which her quick wit made her so welcome as toast-mistress. With eager, whole-hearted simplicity she shared in all the conviviality around her, appreciative alike of the merriment of others and of the joke upon herself.

"Said a little protégée of hers: 'I'm afraid to talk to some people, but I can say anything to Miss Norsworthy and she'll always listen.'

"Said a mature student: 'In the blackest six

weeks of my life I just don't know what I should have done if I had not had Miss Norsworthy to turn to. I could easily have gone insane, only her strong hand gave me such a pull up.'

"One of the College songs voices its feeling of Miss Norsworthy's influence when it speaks of her love and tact as reforming a student."

One other such expression, likewise from an associate of years, must be quoted:

"Who that has known Naomi Norsworthy does not deeply appreciate the qualities which made her so loved, indeed almost revered, among her colleagues? Hers was the modesty that 'seeketh not its own'; the simplicity that scorns pretense; the clear vision that sees the path to the ideal and follows it with single eye; the trained intellect that can 'spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind.' Who ever went to Miss Norsworthy in perplexity or in trouble and went away unhelped? Who ever relied on her to undertake a delicate and complicated piece of work and met with disappointment? She had a rarely penetrating insight into the heart of a problem and the heart of an individual. Seeing as she almost infallibly did the crux of a difficulty, and using



the wonderful tact and the instinctive understanding of her fellow beings that were her rich and peculiar gifts, she unraveled many a tangled web in college administration and in personal life.

“What tribute can express the unstinted giving of herself to students and to colleagues that made her life a continuous blessing! Not the mere willingness to give, undirected by intelligent understanding that characterizes the efforts of many well-meaning individuals, but the willingness to expend time and energy and thought in comprehending a difficult situation was what she evinced before offering the sound advice or active help that could always be counted on.

“In the classroom, how quickly Miss Norsworthy stimulated the interest and thought of every student. No contribution to class discussion, however lame and halting it might be, if offered in good faith, failed to receive sympathetic treatment from her, and be made to contribute its bit towards working out the common problem. No one who has been privileged to sit at the feet of this gifted teacher but has felt the quick play of her sympathy as well as

the stimulating quality of her thinking, and the broad understanding of her chosen subject.

"Spirits like this one too rarely move among us, therefore the loss of this strong soul has created a gap that cannot be filled. We who are left behind can only strive with quickened spiritual sense to envisage the ideals she believed in and worked for, and to bring them to pass with what success we may."

"Oh, Dr. Norsworthy, won't you please speak to me?" impulsively exclaimed a girl whom she was passing in a hall in Barnard College. Miss Norsworthy was puzzled for a second — should she know this girl? Seeing her perplexity, the girl hastily added: "You don't know me, I am just a Barnard girl, but everybody knows who you are and how wonderful you are. I just had to speak to you. I want to feel that I too know you." A friend with Miss Norsworthy told this little happening later, and the woman to whom she told it said: "What a human magnet she is! There is something almost uncanny about the way she draws people to her. It is her human-ness, I think. Her cup of sympathy is always running over and never full."

Teaching was but part of Miss Norsworthy's contribution to the life of Teachers College. She was Adviser of Women, and executive in many posts. It may be that she valued most the opportunity given by these positions to come into close touch with people, that opportunity of all in life the most precious to her. To resist the charm of her interest was impossible; it was too subtle, too stimulating. This individual interest has been shown to have been a heavy tax on her time and strength. "You cannot afford to hurry people where deep concerns are at stake. Reserves are delicate and sacred; they cannot stand hasty treatment," she said. The hours that she spent in teaching and in preparation were few compared to those spent in this kind of service. Her flashing insight irresistibly drew people to her; her sympathy held them. "If you are stone, be lode-stone; if you are plant, be sensitive; if you are man, be love," Hugo advises. Not many people combine the qualities of lode-stone, of sensitive plant, and of love, as she did. Her capacity for feeling was so great, her susceptibility so keen, that she could divine much of what one would say without the medium of words. As teacher and

as woman she drew to herself human problems and human confidences; few ever left her without new light beaming into their little world. She could always "see blue sky," and show it to others.

Miss Norsworthy spent much time and thought in fostering the religious life at Teachers College. For several years she was chairman of the Advisory Board of the Young Women's Christian Association, and she was also a member of the National Board of that organization. Appointed on a committee of the National Board to consider the basis for Y.W.C.A. membership, as to whether it should remain on the evangelical basis or change its terms of admission, she worked persistently for a more democratic type of organization. Measures put through by this committee have been felt as broadening and revivifying influences wherever the work of that admirable organization is known. In the immediate group to which she belonged at Teachers College, she likewise helped to make democracy in religion more nearly possible by furthering the scheme for the federation of the different religious organizations; hitherto they had worked in igno-

rance and more or less in unconcern as to the purposes and ideals of one another; by joining their forces, she felt that much more could be accomplished, in striving for common ideals essentially the same, however widely they might differ in lesser details. This federation, known as the Joint Advisory Board of Religious Work in Teachers College, chose Miss Norsworthy for its first chairman, and under her tactful guidance, the movement was carried to success. Jew, Catholic, and Protestant alike, said, "She understands."

In the religious work of Columbia University also she had a place, serving on the two central committees representing the various divisions of the University: the "Hill Committee," the coördinating factor of the several religious organizations, and the Graduate Religious Forum, an organization which "provides an opportunity for all graduate students to discuss with each other some of the fundamental issues of life." These several religious associations had of her time and thought as they chose to demand.

Natural queries may arise as to Miss Norsworthy's attitude towards questions about which justly centers the immediate concern of

to-day, about education, and woman suffrage. It is not inapt to speak of what she thought of the interesting topic of "vocational education." Her position here was a consistent one, based on practicality and idealism. All work, however mechanical or seemingly blighted by drudgery, should become a means for personal growth, should be made to contribute to the worker's mentality and character. Efficiency in any direction comes through training, either got at great loss from the actual work itself by "the trial and success" method, or got without waste and more quickly through training, education. If ninety per cent of the children from the elementary schools go into the industrial and commercial life of the community, then why not give them definite training for their needs? This training should be put wheresoever in the grades it is necessary in order for it to serve its purpose; if in the fourth or fifth, good. Two aims to be kept before the educator are: first, the need for the child to become a social contributor to his environment, an aim that includes at once ability to make a good living; and second, the need for him to judge values properly, an aim that includes

power to use his leisure correctly. Added to these aims is the fact that one learns by doing, physically, and therefore that the school should concern itself in securing adequate, concrete experiences, in order to give flexibility, power, freedom. Are there many answers to the discussion of vocational education in the face of the needs of the ninety per cent who go into vocational life? To the practical person there is but one answer. The training should include, besides the work itself, proper correlation with socializing studies. Means should be found to break down artificial valuations now attaching to industrial activity. The young should be taught the value and the excellence of everyday labor, be it hand-labor or head-labor. The introduction into our schools of training in the vocations would help towards the highly desirable end of training citizens to believe that "all true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness."

Her attitude towards woman suffrage was less clearly defined. Her belief in the necessity for keeping life flexible, open and ready, cut her off from dependence on "causes," as well

as from faith in "associations" and formulas of all kinds. One is inevitably reminded of Emerson in this attitude towards the burning question of his day, slavery: "God must govern His own world, and knows His way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me." Of course, Miss Norsworthy made no such statement of her position; indeed, she did not state it vigorously at all. If she was pressed, she let it be understood that her immediate anxiety was to help women towards a better sense of values, to quiet their restlessness by holding aloft ideals of poise and sanity, to try to help them believe that the truest law is "ever innermost to outward." Many there will be to scoff at these as the important matters. But this sort of person is rare enough to stand forth in a generation as the preserver of an example that the world can ill afford to lose; such an one strengthens our faith in the power of mankind to lay fast hold on whatsoever is

"Allied to that spirit-world,  
Outside the limits of our space and time,  
Whereto we are bound."

Miss Norsworthy's devotion to ideals of de-



mocracy in every phase of student life was intense. She believed not at all in the labels and factitious exclusiveness that tend to set apart a small group, often self-elected. To her, they represented useless and artificial barriers to a full realization of one's highest possibilities as a "social unit," because the banding together of the few destroys the bonds of oneness with the many, and makes far more difficult the encompassing of larger ends that should be common interests. She could be found in the forefront of any fight where democracy was involved.

During the last few years there came to Miss Norsworthy many calls for public addresses. For any one who had known her only in the narrow circle of the classroom it was surprising to see her power over large audiences. The thrilling influence of her personality seemed contagious; there were times when this response so reacted upon her that she rose to expressions of impassioned fervor. Her timidity never failed to rack her both before and after these occasions, however, making her feel sure that the final sentence of abject failure had at last been pronounced upon her. All occasions for public

speaking were times of anxiety for her. Never sure of herself as a speaker, her constitutional shyness found her easy prey; it was one weakness which she found hard to exorcise with her will. In her classes she was reasonably certain of a sympathetic response, for she was too sensible to be otherwise when year after year they had cheered her by enthusiastic approval; but of a miscellaneous strange audience she was never quite sure that she could correctly enough gauge the temper to translate for them what she wished to say. This conscious dread found no echo in the minds of those who listened to her, for her perfect outward poise gave no intimation of it. It was always there though, and the reaction afterward was akin to the feelings of a liberated galley slave. This nervous experience was an inevitable accompaniment of the dinners of the Teachers College Alumnæ at which she presided as toast-mistress. An interesting, if irrelevant, by-the-way in connection with these dinners is that Miss Norsworthy for days preceding them made it a point to watch for old students, on the streets, in hotel lobbies, at conferences and general meetings, in order to see that they knew the date and place

of the dinner, and she prided herself on knowing the face of every student who had ever registered at Teachers College, in her day, though she might never have known the name.

No other member of the faculty at Teachers College could more easily fill the chapel. When she was to be the speaker, a large attendance was assured. One talk made there that called forth appreciation had in it much of her life-creed; a skeleton outline of it was found among her papers. The suggestion for it is found in 2 Corinthians III, 2, "Ye are our epistle . . . known and read of all men." How she would treat a subject like this one is not difficult to guess, even if her notes were not available. Epistles in the Pauline conception are not letters, but men; not upon waxen tablets, but upon the lives of men did the Great Exemplar choose to grave his precepts. Character is the highest medium possible in which to work out a conception of ideal beauty; it is the one everlasting medium, for from life to life is communicated the heart-throb that alone means reality. "A human life is forever God's voice to utter His divinest truth." That life is the noblest which will bring from the Divine to the human

the message fullest of truth, to live by and die by, a fact exemplified by the "beacon-lights of time" throughout the ages — the greatest of which is the Christ. Our best in inspiration and courage each day comes from those about us whose lives are epistles, bearing the impress of God's message to man through man, delivered by the words on their lips, the work of their hands, the dreams in their hearts, an epistle "known and read of all men," full of hope and strength. The worth of what you believe is to be found only in what you are, and daily live. To be an epistle of God means to live the true and loathe the false. In our lives may be read the noble message of God's truth and His love.

To those who heard this talk, there may seem a half-profanation in thus attempting to bring it to memory by this inadequate sketch, so wholly lacking the spirit of fervor which she threw into these religious talks. But it is the one record of them that can be found, and that fact makes it worth recording.

A characteristic often made use of in the swift-revolving wheels of demand at Teachers College was Miss Norsworthy's tact. Her sensitivity to human relations and values, together

with her good sense and exquisite gentleness, made her valuable in the complexities which must necessarily arise when many people are working together with issues so large and varied as those of Teachers College. Her fighting ability was not ignored, and added to her tact, made her a desirable ally in any cause. "She was a good sport," one man says; "you could always count on her 'playing the game,' fighting to the very end, and never a whine if she chanced to lose." How his words would have pleased her! To "play the game" was what she would always have chosen. "She was so sensible and just," says another man, "always ready and willing to see the other fellow's side." Of all the many tributes poured out from hearts that have mourned for her, none says more than this: "It speaks well for human nature that all who ever knew her, knew her for what she really was."

There was no detail in the daily life of Teachers College too trivial for her to take note of and spend herself upon, should there be need. Her sustained keenness of intuition made her fasten upon the least incident as possibly significant to some one's happiness. She possessed

the Herodotean quality of considering nothing remote or slight that most indirectly concerned life and its relations. This faculty of discerning hidden meanings was the consequence of her imaginative power that so insistently worked along the line of human interests. How she learned of many of these minor, even humble, problems is a question. One example of this kind is recalled when she spent much effort in straightening out dissatisfaction that had arisen over the manner in which the Thanksgiving goodies were distributed in the baskets given to the maids at Teachers College. This was the kind of thing, multiplied over and over, that no remonstrance could bring her to see was too little significant for the expenditure of her frail strength.

She would stand a certain amount of lecturing, and then out would come, "Humph! what does anybody know of how significant these things are till it is worked out? If it did n't matter to anybody, there would n't be any friction about it. I can't be happy if I feel that I might help to make anybody else more nearly so, and am not doing it. What does being tired amount to? I'd rather feel tired than mean."

So it was that her ceaseless vigil in her place in Teachers College went on year after year. It would seem that she tried to follow every flash of the huge shuttle as it darted back and forth in the roaring loom of that life, crowded so full of the complex social and educational and moral forces of this stirring age. For the sixteen years she was a member of the faculty of Teachers College there was never a moment when she did not consider that fact the greatest cause for pride in her outward life. Her devotion to the broad ideals for which she felt that the institution stood was profound. She spoke of the college with much the same air of personal pride with which she referred to her mother. It is possible that it was the one bond of her human associations with which she did not consciously break, for when far too weak for the strain she would insist on seeing friends who brought her news from Teachers College.

Lord, grant her still some work for heart and brain —  
 A glad, rich day of usefulness again!  
 Eager, yet all unhurried; poised to meet  
 What Fate holds forth of triumph or defeat.

O God Most Wise, Who deftly takes away  
 The tools and playthings of our little day,  
 Take Youth, and Fame, — and dreams surpassing fair —  
 But not the work we love!

Somehow, somewhere,  
The master-mind moves toward the goal it sought;  
Spare her that splendid quest, that crystal thought,  
That vision sure, which was our whole delight  
Till dusk enwrapped her, and the long, long night.

The scene — where shifted? where, at Thy behest  
That hoard of priceless lore made manifest?  
What service for the busy hand and heart,  
So lavish of the wealth they could impart?  
Surely Thy blessed vineyard cannot spare  
Such craftsman, but must hold her dear and rare!

Some day, in Thy good time, shall we once more  
About her press, and marvel as before?  
Shall we of lesser mold behold her still  
On Thy high tasks intent, dauntless of will,  
And in her work the old-time, matchless skill?

(Adapted by permission from the poem "Josiah Royce," by  
Laura Simmons.)



## VI

### THE CLOSING YEARS

FOR thoughts of gloom or suffering to be associated with a nature so full of light and life as Miss Norsworthy's is the last thing to be desired. Fearful as she was of the shadows of brooding and the sorrowful questionings that can come from dwelling upon the mysteries of life and its crowning mystery of death, she wanted to stay far removed from thoughts that could cower or drag down. With this knowledge in mind, it is especially difficult to speak of her closing years, for in the recounting of them must linger an echo of the eternal "why." She went "unterrified into the gulf of death," but we who stand upon these shores of time must needs grieve for her suffering, for the small help that lay in our too-human hands. But one justification can be found for threading back the record of this painful time: the marvel of her stood forth as never before, for as she had faced life, she faced death with that great spirit—

"A portion of the Eternal which must glow  
Through time and change, unquenchably the same."

In one of her letters she says, "‘He giveth his beloved sleep,’ — sleep here, the awakening there." Solace must come in the thought that she has "outsoared the shadows of our night," and is free to compass all she here desired, as we who have not awakened from "the dream of life" turn sadly to the task of finding fresh courage in the example of fearlessness and love that she gave us. Because the ideals she had striven for spoke so bravely through these closing years, the record must be told.

A question that has leaped naturally to many lips since her life was cut off when its halfway station was scarcely passed, is, "Why should she have died so young?" and a possible half-answer may have been found in the multiple demands of her overcrowded life. On further thought, such an answer would seem not only unjust to her, but also untrue. It is undeniable that she was a woman pressed down by far too many taxes, for she was teacher, housekeeper, executive in a dozen posts, professional consultant, and spiritual adviser for hundreds.

Just how many and how varied were the calls upon her cannot accurately be said, for she never admitted them; to have done so

would have been to consider herself, and she elected to do all those things, found happiness in doing them. Many of her duties were official, coming to her from her position as Adviser of Women, as Chairman of the Welfare Committee, as President of the Women's Faculty Club, as member of the Y.W.C.A. Board, and maybe first of all, as the teacher of enormous classes, all of which places she filled at the same time. These posts had gravitated to her as the outcome of her qualities of leadership, and all laid on her exacting demands. In the absence of her departmental head, the direction of the department of psychology fell on her, in part, together with the responsibility of his graduate classes. Besides the enumerated sources of drain, all beyond what most people know, was the insistent need to follow her own desire for service through personal contact with people. When not in her classroom, she ordinarily spent her time in individual conferences with students, who gladly and quickly availed themselves of her splendid help. There were also the outside calls upon her. She gave lectures on Child Study at the School for Ethical Culture; she met mothers' clubs of various strata

in New York City; she journeyed hither and thither to talk to widely scattered groups about Teachers College; she invariably attended the meetings of the Association of Superintendents of the National Education Association, and presided at the dinners of the Teachers College Alumnæ; she responded to an increasing number of calls for talks at State Teachers' Associations. Her time for months ahead was mapped out. Besides these official demands, she administered her own household, looking after the "creature comfort" of five people. She appeared at the social affairs of Teachers College and Columbia; for others beyond that circle, there was no time. This tension never relaxed. She was determined to meet all these demands, and meet them she did in a way impossible to a smaller nature. But that the grind of them played a part in her early death is not possible, though necessarily it wore terribly on her powers of physical resistance. The wish that she might have had some untrammelled moments may spring up in the minds of others; it never troubled her.

Could she have been spared this over-taxing? It is a difficult question. Her consent could

never have been won to be cut off from free intercourse with people; that was the highest expression of her life aim, and in it she found her greatest pleasure. It is no doubt true that if all her daily round of duties had been known, she could have been spared the detail of much routine work in her several official positions, little though she would have liked for that to be done. She found so much satisfaction in spending herself recklessly that trouble would have arisen had the suggestion been made to take away a part of all she found to do. At once would have come the fear that she had not been measuring up. The over-drafting as a whole was known to no one; a few people knew in part, and she resented any interference from them when the wisdom of a slowing-down was hinted at. In her over-zeal, whose influence could have availed to make pause for her? The authorities at Teachers College were to a certain extent aware of how lavishly she was expending herself, and essayed a few times to remonstrate with her. Few things so greatly alarmed her, for she feared there must be a flaw somewhere, or nobody would think she was undertaking too much. There were times when

the strong will failed, and she would be forced into the quiescence of a momentary illness; then her mother would mount guard and cut off all approach, but these occasions were of short duration. Evidently the mother understood her too well, knew the passion for work too well, sympathized with it too well, to attempt to keep her long away from her beloved "people." When she was quite out of breath, she might be prevailed upon to see the necessity of halting long enough to get it back, but no more than that. The short vacations of the school year and summers were the only breathing spells. Others she never claimed, not even week-ends, as is the custom of many teachers. She considered her work of far more importance than all else; she was happy in it, why should it worry any one that sometimes she was tired?

That she was careless of herself physically, from one viewpoint, must not be concluded. Her appetite was always fickle, yet she tried earnestly to wheedle it into a semblance of reality; within bounds, she succeeded in making herself eat fairly well. She tried to be careful of sleep, retiring early. Much of her college work, correcting examination books and pre-

paring lectures, she did while lying down. The last two years of her life, after her mother's illness, she reserved her Saturdays and Sundays as much as possible, but it was done for her mother's sake, not her own. Most of the latter years she was under the attention of a physician, and was careful to follow his instructions, largely because she was afraid of being sick and of thus being kept away from college. "Work is my salvation," she would often say; and, "Wait till I get strong and rested this summer, and I will show you what I can do." However one may selfishly wish to have seen her less drained, less burdened, it must be remembered she never wished it so, would never willingly have consented to have it so.

While in the last analysis it must be concluded that overwork played no part in the cause of her death, nevertheless a nameless pathos attaches to the thought of her life of ceaseless demands. There was, in childhood, the frail body and the close confidence of a mother burdened with a sense of financial stress and a pressing ambition for three children; in girlhood, the constant thought of need for an education that would enable her to earn a liv-

ing and relieve her mother's cares; in later years, the numberless calls from diverse professional activities, the endless strain of meeting the human cries of the many who leaned on the richness of her spirit, always with a physical self that steadily weakened. Because she chose this crowded life, a note of disloyalty may hide in the suggestion that in her preference was cause for lamenting by any fellow-creature. That she welded the whole into a life of happiness is too well known to be commented on. "It is a pleasure merely to pass her in the halls, she is so bright and happy," somebody said. This outstanding fact of her pleasure in endless serving must never be forgotten.

The fall of 1913, Miss Norsworthy planned to take the first Sabbatical half-year she had permitted herself. Influenced by the pressure brought to bear on her to put her professional knowledge into book form, she decided to take the leave of absence she had earned so many times over and devote it to writing a book, the "Psychology of Childhood." Her brother's approaching marriage would mean that her mother would not be alone, so that she might seek a quiet place free from expectation of interruption



and gather material for the book her professional co-workers told her it was her duty to write. For once, she planned some relaxation. The writing should be the main thing, the balance that would keep her from feeling selfish or idle, but there was to be time for many other things, too: country drives, indulgence in certain books on which she had long had an eye of anticipation, visits to picture galleries, letters to friends who too often might have seemed neglected, all the thousand things she had long wanted to do and could not find time for, should be packed into those free months.

She found quarters that gave opportunities to carry out these delightful plans, and began her play-time. It was the first freedom she had ever known when college was in session. It was quickly ended. In less than a month the bolt fell; for the first time she was to learn the bitterness of a situation where will and intelligence could not find a way out. The unexpected summons came that hurried her back to New York; her mother was ill.

Then followed the hard struggle to have her mother's life spared, months of unending strain. All day she went through the round of

duties and human calls at Teachers College, hastening home between classes to see her mother, or to the hospital during the ten weeks she was there. At night, every night she was at the mother's bedside, untiring, devoted, torn lest in her ignorance she might leave undone some possible means of comfort. She would not listen to any suggestion of a trained nurse; her mother preferred her attendance, and she preferred to give it. A nurse was called in only a week before the end, though Mrs. Norsworthy was not then reconciled to her presence. The daughter alone she wanted with her. How much physical suffering Miss Norsworthy was herself enduring the two years of her mother's illness, no one knows. She remarked more than once, half laughingly, that she believed she was affected by the same trouble, and would hasten to say, "Is n't that a lively imagination for you?" There was no lessening in the outward demands. Her work at Teachers College went on as it had always done, without regard for the grief tugging at her heart. A dread that remained long to plague her was the fear that everything had not been done to lessen her mother's suffering. The doctor's assurance in

this connection was sought more than once. This dread was not only the outcome of a daughter's devotion, but also of her belief that the duty lies heavy on us to use our intelligence to work out the best possible solution in all difficulties. How little can be done to alleviate the wretchedness of the dread disease she was too soon to learn even more fully.

It is a statement that can be made of few people who have reached years of maturity as had Miss Norsworthy that they have never come into close contact with death, have never seen the majesty with which it clothes the physical body. She had been shielded from the actuality of sight of it as a child, and the circumstances of her life had hitherto not brought it close. That fact may have made her mother's going all the harder.

It was a loss difficult for her to meet, for she had never believed but that relief could be found. The knowledge of her mother's suffering which she had been powerless to relieve had burned deep in her; her sense of loss seemed inexpressibly increased by the thought that she no longer had the chance of making recompense to that mother, now that she could, for the long

years of sacrifice and devotion so cheerfully met. She missed her mother sadly.

When this long fight was ended, Miss Norsworthy flung herself into her work with an intensity weakened greatly by the increasing consciousness of growing physical decline. She thought this condition largely a nervous one, engendered by the strain of nursing and anxiety, and in this idea, physicians agreed. For some time she had suffered from what seemed superficially a form of rheumatism, and though she was under special treatment for it, the annoyance persisted. Digestive troubles, intermittent for some years, reappeared. She was repeatedly examined by physicians, several tests were made, and "low vitality" was the only definite diagnosis. A fact rather interesting is that she was during this time examined for life insurance, and given a far better rating than ten years before, because the doctor said her general health was much better. The supposed indigestion grew worse; a specialist was consulted, and the resultant diet apparently gave a temporary gain. The spring of 1916 was an especially hard one. She had never had so many invitations to distant states for addresses.

She was persuaded to write in collaboration with one of the professors at Teachers College a book on "How to Teach." The head of the psychology department was absent on half-year's leave, and she assumed the responsibility of acting head, together with the teaching of his graduate classes. Days and nights of work claimed her. There was increasingly constant physical pain. Physicians assured her she needed an absolute rest, and advised a year's leave. That advice she laughed off. How could she do anything like that, she asked, when her Sabbatical had come only two years before; and certainly she could not let her superior in command come back. Her holiday time had been upset, and his should not be; anyway, there was nothing serious the matter. She could easily wait for the summer vacation; then she would get so strong that people would be amazed.

It is always difficult to trace back the possible beginnings of an insidious disease. In the present knowledge of medicine, there is no certain way of diagnosing the trouble to which Miss Norsworthy fell a victim when its centers are hidden. Since 1910, she had been susceptible to what was wrongly thought to be the

effects of cold, possibly some type of grippe. There was no alarm felt about it, though under different forms, the illness came time and again; at first it was never very severe, but enough to keep her under the care of the doctor. The pains she thought connected with the rheumatism, from which she suffered not a little. The close of the college year of 1916 found her completely worn. When June came, she decided she should go to the seashore instead of waiting till July first to leave the city, as was her custom. For once she did not stay to commencement, hoping a complete change of air and diet would help the digestive troubles and the rheumatism. In the next few weeks, the disharmony steadily increased, and the pain grew so great she became alarmed for the first time. Hastening back to the city, she consulted the prominent surgeon who had attended her mother, and he advised an immediate operation. It was the third one she had undergone, and she faced it without apprehension. She spoke constantly of how happy and well she was going to be, once it was all over, how much she could accomplish the next college year. Considering her general condition, she stood the severest of operations

apparently better than most women would have done. Of the real condition revealed by it she knew nothing. The doctors told her brother that life for her could be but a matter of months. They also urged that she be not told what was her actual condition. The disease was carcinoma; the hope for recovery, none. She might rally, and live for another year, though every probability was against it. Why, they said, rob her of a few months free from the knowledge of impending death; as one of them expressed it, "Why let her feel she is in the jaws of a trap when life is so full for her?" Temperamentally they thought she had slight powers to resist in a fight where defeat from the first was inevitable, so to tell her all meant to cut off her term of life by so much. If her strength returned, she might be able to teach again; no one could tell. Doctors are wise sometimes, but they did not know her longing for the truth, or her splendid courage.

Recuperation from the immediate effects of the operation was rapid. She was so happy to have it all done; possibly this condition had caused all her aches and pains, so she would be stronger than ever before, she said. Friends in

their ignorance, seeing how she rallied, joined in gratulations. They showered on her expressions of their sympathy and pleasure until the little hospital room overran with flowers. It touched her heart. What a beautiful world, and how good a thing to feel the sweetness of human love! Her stay at the hospital was only sixteen days in duration, and in less than a month after the operation she was in the mountains, full of joyous anticipations for a return of health and strength. The passing weeks brought doubts. Somehow, she did not get her strength back as she should, she wrote friends; but it was a warm summer, and the water did not seem to suit her. All the people she knew who had had operations so serious as hers said it took them a long while to grow strong again, but they had felt so well afterwards. Nobody must worry about her, for she was getting better slowly, and was planning such fine things for the new college year.

Returning to the city in September, expecting to be back at the opening of the term at Teachers College, she was not pleased with her improvement, so called in the doctor. He told her she must not attempt to teach until she was



stronger, a verdict that greatly disturbed her. No matter; she would rest and play and grow better so rapidly he would be compelled to let her go back to work on November 1st. Maybe she would try to finish the two remaining chapters of the book, the "Psychology of Childhood," interrupted three years before by her mother's illness. But the book had unhappy associations, and she could never find the mood to take it up again. The weeks passed in contemplation of her working schemes for her new classes, in sewing, and in enjoyment of her small niece, a tot of two years. No complaint, no word of sadness or uncertainty came from her, though slowly there was coming the realization that she was stricken to the death. The 1st of November drew near. The pains returned, increased, grew too intense to be ignored. She planned to see the doctor at a time that no one should know of, that others might be spared as long as possible, and from him ask the whole truth. She faced him with characteristic directness, and he told her all. She should have been told from the first, she thought, but now, the knowledge must be kept to herself, for it would distress others. She would write the engineering

brother who was in Africa so that he might come to her, but there was no need to sadden any one else, not even the other members of her family. Thus she decided.

A week passed, and she gave to no one the slightest intimation that she knew how few were her numbered days. The family did not dream she knew; close friends came and went with no idea of her condition, or her realization of it. Then the ravages of the disease grew rapidly worse, and the suffering too intense for longer concealment. The discovery that her brother had known the truth since the operation brought a flash of self-reproach for her own lack of divination. With the common sense that she always showed, she set about ordering her affairs in the face of the new situation. Her engagements for the winter were formally canceled. The hospital would mean less free access to her friends, so if it was possible, she preferred not to go there. She must see her friends as usual, though they should be spared sight or knowledge of her suffering. Certain ones she would herself tell or write of her serious illness, for it might make a difference could they know how she felt about it. The household must out-

wardly be as nearly normal as possible. No one must speak of the "sadness of farewells." She wanted to keep in touch with Teachers College and know just what was going on there. A nurse must be engaged who would not try to keep her from doing as she pleased. There were some excellent new detective stories that she had been told she would enjoy. There were small remembrances to be thought of. Plans for certain things to be adjusted afterward must be made with her brother, and once that disagreeable task was out of the way, things would be better.

Then came the long, hard struggle between will and body. She must live till the brother coming from Africa could reach her, and that time could scarcely be hoped for before Thanksgiving. There were days of fear that the flickering spark of life could not endure until her brother could reach New York. She asked repeatedly, "Do you think I can last till he comes? What does the doctor think about how long my strength can hold?"

The tortured body for a brief space yielded to the rallying of the brave spirit so long its master, and there came a few days of seeming respite. A thousand small daily interests claimed

her. She was fearful that the nurse was not having what she liked to eat; one member of her inner circle had a wretched cold that nothing was being done for; had her father's clothes been sent to the cleaner? The little niece had to be entertained daily, and when far too weak to sit up under a lesser stimulus, the appearance of that small lady meant "Nono" must be propped up so that they might look at picture books together, and discourse learnedly about them. Her business affairs and the direction of the small household she refused to give over to any other until unconsciousness forbade refusal. The wasting agony returned, after the hope of seeing the absent brother had become a reality. Nothing could have been more pathetic, or more wonderful, than to see her hide the actuality of her suffering from those on whom it would press heavily, even the nearest members of her family. Her greatest desire was under "the fell clutch of circumstance" neither "to wince nor cry aloud." Once when she thought a groan had been wrung from her she exclaimed, "My will seems gone, but please don't think I am a coward. Sometimes it catches me before I know it is coming."

The Yuletide approached. She asked what day of the month it was, and on being told, said, "Why, I must be thinking about my Christmas presents. This time, people will have to tell me what they want, I can't take time to plan for each one." She deeply regretted being unable to thank every friend who remembered her. Until the end, practically, she read all of the countless letters that came to her, and to many of them dictated answers. The beautiful flowers sent in such profusion she reveled in with the old-time, child-like, spontaneous joy. "People are so good to me. I hope they know how I like them, and appreciate their thinking of me," she repeatedly said; and, "I should like to live, if only to try to find some way to show how it all makes me feel. I have never done anything to deserve such expressions."

As the Christmas holidays more closely approached, there came another incentive to struggle for life that others might be spared at that season. She did not want to sadden the happiest time of the year for her friends. She must try to take more nourishment. Could not the doctor suggest some means that would bring back her strength for just a little while? This

desire to spare others flamed in her strongest of all. She shrank from the thought of adding to the grief of those who loved her; she shrank from a possible memory of her associated with pain or sadness. The exquisite tenderness of her could not avail.

She died in the early hours of Christmas morning.

## VII

### CHARACTERISTICS

A NATURE differentiated as markedly as Miss Norsworthy's, albeit wide in range, is not impossible of reduction to terms, mere catalogue though it will be. Psychologists warn us not to attempt to pigeon-hole mental characteristics in such compartments as "the intellectual, the volitional, the emotional, and moral," because the mind refuses to be other than "continuous." This fact makes it the simpler to cite qualities in a character like hers since they do not have to be classified, and in the life she lived, they were apparent even to the careless observer. Physically, mentally, spiritually, she was set apart, though the statement would call from her a prompt denial, indeed, an indignant one. Who that ever saw her once has forgotten her? The slight graceful figure was swift and quiet and effective in every movement; the sensitive face was full of light and responsiveness; the quick mind saw associations and possibilities with a flash of intuitive readiness. The

gentleness, the strength, the power, — all these proclaimed her a Person.

Physically she must have been handicapped all her life, though no one in her family seems to have thought so. There was a slight tendency to spinal curvature; one hip was a bit higher than the other, a trouble from which during her growing years she suffered. She went through three successive operations. Her weight was not at any time much above one hundred, usually balancing near the traditional "witch's weight" of ninety-nine. When on entering Teachers College she took the physical tests, the examining physician shook his head over her, she seemed so slight; he told her that she sadly lacked physical vigor, but her vitality and the fibre of her will would make up for much of the body's failure. Certainly there was a wiry, resisting quality in her, the one thing about herself that she was ever heard to boast of. It carried her bravely through the operations, and through the drafting demands of a life whose duties were multiplied tenfold in comparison to those most of us know. Her movements were remarkably quick; there was something suggestive of the alertness of a wild



creature in the swiftness of her physical responses. Her senses were peculiarly exquisite; odors, colors, sounds, wrought upon her to a intense degree. The soft texture of her thin skin, the fineness of her hair, the restlessness of her hands, her general nervous responsiveness, all bespoke excessively keen sensibility. She often had applied to her the well-worn simile of a human violin, strung to a high pitch.

The striking feature of her face were the eyes: "wood-brown pools of paradise" they were. They are one cause for the sad disappointment in all pictures of her, the eyes, together with the mobility of the face. Her skin was dark, with an undertone of pink; the hair was dark-brown, with an auburn gleam here and there in a strong light, and very fine. The high forehead, the brow of the artist, the thin face, and the unquiet mouth made up a physiognomy that on the whole spoke more of the poet and the mystic than the scientist. Her eyes caught the highlights, and their unusual depth and sympathy helped fascinate all who came under her spell. "Her eyes are too dressy for the daytime," was once said of them. The appeal of her wonderful eyes and the magnetic grasp of her hands are

truly unforgettable. Their power remained when all others had waned; every one who saw her during the last sad weeks of her life spoke of the vigor of her hand-clasp and the voiceful depths of her eyes when all other strength had gone.

Her physical appearance must not be left without reference to her love for brown. She might choose dresses of other colors, but she never liked them, and would seldom wear them. Her dark skin, brown hair and eyes, and the pleasant shades of brown she dressed in made a satisfying *ensemble*, the toning of which accentuated the impression of a wild, woodsy thing, gathered from her keen alertness.

Mentally and spiritually, she was indeed the Greek ideal; "Senses, imagination, and reason unfolded in their highest reach." Her life moved "on in rhythmical accord with God, nature, man." Sympathy was the basic quality that drew people to her. Added to this native endowment were a devoted serviceableness; a boundless generosity; an allegiance to truth, all of the truth, all of the time; an indomitable will; a fine courage; the joy of a child in little things, and a delicious sense of humor. Per-

meating her being was a sanity that was refreshing and invigorating; she "saw life steadily and saw it whole" as few ever do.

That these characteristics were impinged upon a background of great shyness, the outcome of both "nurture and nature," serves but to deepen the note of interest in her personality. Her natural shrinking was one of the temperamental weaknesses with which her will so successfully coped. The Italian writer, Sera, in his volume, "On the Tracks of Life," discusses the trait of shyness in a suggestive way. He writes:

"Shyness in its more enduring forms is revealed as an exuberance of inner force, mental life and physical activity, which act on the individual who happens to possess them, for want of something else. At this time it appears as a disease of the intelligence. But on account of this characteristic, when it succeeds in directing its strength externally, — in making the individual forget the ego, — then we may hope for a splendid victory. That is to say, a shy man is often so merely because he has a bad opinion of himself; he is often an optimist for himself; even if he sometimes succeeds in con-

quering himself, and appearing boastful and proud, he is certainly not so practically. Moreover, pride, in so far as it is neglect of others, has often its origin in shyness, and this constitutes a reaction in the sense of one's own solitude. Shyness is a circumlocution, a pause, a *détour* of the intelligence. It is a companion of all spiritual progress, of every ascent toward superiority. It is the pain of every one who feels differently from others, but who has respect for truth and the sense of the difficulty of establishing it; the anguish of him who feels a new world in himself; but who also feels that it is a too different world.

“It is a significant observation, already made by others, that many of the greatest artists and poets were shy. To give only a few names, we may mention, for example, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, amongst the ancients; Correggio, Michelet, Beethoven, Lamartine, Wagner, Chopin, among the moderns. Almost all the greatest thinkers, the greatest minds, were afflicted with this malady; from Newton, whose shyness was proverbial, to Montesquieu, Rousseau, Kant, and Hegel. Even men of action and of the greatest action of all — government — suffered from it.

I think the reason is, perhaps, that a mind which wishes to rise to great heights is exquisitely sensitive."

Professor Sera's conclusion, that "a mind which wishes to rise to great heights is exquisitely sensitive," was substantiated in Miss Norsworthy's case.

Her sympathy and serviceableness should not be noted as separate things, so intermingled were they; anyway, they may be told of as part of her life-attitude, and will therefore be only mentioned here. Under the quality of sympathy correctly belongs, also, the generosity, too big not to be dwelt on apart.

One of the trifling but significant ways in which her generosity showed itself was in her attitude towards those who ministered to her creature comfort. She invariably overpaid servants, and her "tips" were munificent compared to her means. She justified herself when scolded by saying not every one could understand the pleasure of an unexpected spending capacity, for not every one had known the depths of a scanty pocket-book, therefore it behooved those who did know to be doubly generous. She was at all times a spendthrift

with money. It gave her untold pleasure to do surprising things for people, things they could not afford to do for themselves and she could no more afford to do for them. She would plead in self-extenuation that the only purpose she knew for money was to get what it could give; that she would never live to be old; and further, she carried endowment insurance, and expected to be on the Carnegie Pension Fund list if she should live out the allotted years, so why bother about money? No anniversary in the life of a friend was allowed to pass unnoticed. And what cause for prodigal reveling she did find in the spirit of the Christmas season! It was an expansive time for her. Weeks before she would begin to rack her brain for people whom she could remember and give unexpected pleasure. The list grew longer and more amazing each year. She never dared reckon her holiday expenditures, influenced, it is easy to believe, by the desire to get away from the slight sense of financial proportion that she had, as well as to reserve the opportunity of answering ignorantly if an inquiry might stray in from an over-curious member of the family. Her enjoyment of beautiful things easily augmented the

tendency towards extravagance. How she did like pretty clothes! The pleasure she found in the spending of money would disarm all criticism, however determined it was, or full of desire for her own sparing. She never wanted to be spared anything, pleasant or unpleasant. Her mother used to shake her head sometimes, but it was done with an indulgent smile, as one meets the ways of a child who will some day grow up and out of such habits. This extravagance seemed part of the lavishness of her nature, and no one who saw it in play could really have wished it different. Among simple folk there is a belief that people filled with the essence of giving are "born with the hand open." She was one of them.

The quality of generosity manifested itself in other ways. The time she spent on other people has been dwelt upon. Some notice must be taken of the help she gave to two classes of people, backward students, and mothers seeking advice about their children. There was the period when she first came to Teachers College when most of her spare hours were spent in coaching, for which she never accepted pay. In later years, mothers puzzled by retardation

tendencies in their children freely came to her for advice. For one such case she was a consultant for years, assuming entire direction of the child's development, testing progress at stated intervals, and doing it all without remuneration. When it is recalled that this field was her professional one, that her advice was expert advice, with fees commonly attaching thereto, and that she did it constantly with no thought of pay, it is seen as peculiarly characteristic.

Her love for truth was notable. It was the cause of much teasing by friends and brothers, who would try to assure her that society has created certain conventional fictions in order to reduce wear and tear. She could never be made to listen patiently to any such idea. With Thomas à Kempis she fully believed, "Without the truth there is no knowing; without the way, there is no going." She never resorted to subterfuge, however slight. Deception of any kind incensed her. "To tell and to know the whole truth is the one way to keep things straight, she would say. "You can't fib to Naomi" was a byword with her brothers. A surface paradox seems to exist between her adherence to the bald truth and her beautiful tactfulness. The



happy reconciliation of the two qualities is one of the strong proofs of her "genius." She claimed that to be straight as a die was the one way to prevent the tangles that call for deviousness.

For her own part, the clarity of her life was a thing one instantly recognized, and dared not be unmindful of; one felt that one could not transgress the law of truth and hope to keep her respect. This trait was strikingly shown during her last illness by the unconscious testimony of the nurse, hitherto a stranger. "You cannot deceive her," the nurse said; "it does n't matter how little a thing it may be, or how much you feel you should keep it back for her own sake; somehow, once she turns her great eyes on you, out it all comes." Her intuitive nature pierced all disguises, and her straightforwardness impelled truth in others. Her very simplicity and dislike for ostentation were parts of this love for truth. It is easy to linger over this trait of Miss Norsworthy's, though it may be that the fact it is even worth mentioning is a sad commentary.

Not less remarkable was her strength of will. We are told this sort of thing cannot be inher-

ited, but a thought of the fine will of her mother is inescapable. As a dominant power it carried far both mother and daughter. In Miss Norsworthy, it can be traced as a powerful factor from the earliest years when, despite physical handicaps that would have deterred a child of less forcefulness, we find her following her brothers and their boy friends in their childish romplings; we find it through the years of apprenticeship as a student, when no physical discomfort was allowed to project itself between her and the goal for which she had set out; we find it in maturer years when without complaint, day in and day out, she met demands from a thousand sources that well might have staggered a robust person; we find it in the last few months of her life when stricken beyond help, she repressed the least call for sympathy lest it should add to the grief of those who, loving her, grieved for her pain. Even in the last half-conscious moments of her life, this wonderful will asserted itself; she forced herself to swallow nourishment and to keep it down by a mighty effort of conscious willing, hoping thus to eke out her painful life past the Christmas season, always for her so glad a time, that hereafter the

returning holiday cycle might hold no sad association for those nearest her.

The surmise persists that possibly the bitterest portion of her physical collapse was that no longer could the will prevail. For long, from the childhood years when she had been taught the beauty of repression by the Spartan mother — that long had the fiat of her splendid will controlled the haltings and limitations of the frail body. It could do so no longer! Therein lay the real tragedy of her fatal illness. Her heart had been set on returning by a certain date, despite the doctor's opinion, to her round of duties at Teachers College; her true physical condition had up to that time been kept from her. This date she fixed upon, and fused her will into one purpose concerning. When the day approached, and with it realization that, despite her determination, she could not return, and that her will was no longer supreme, from that time can be reckoned her surrender. She gave up. Life for her was over.

The power of concentration, developed so highly in her, was the product of this will. The friend who was her roommate at normal school for three years being asked what she consid-

ered Miss Norsworthy's strongest characteristic replied without a second's hesitation, "The ability to concentrate on a thing and conquer it." No one who ever saw her set herself to a task could doubt her unusual gift in concentration.

One of Dr. Norsworthy's great charms was the child in her. In her enjoyment of pleasure and in her spontaneity of appreciation she showed the open genuineness of the child. She could identify herself with children, and it was charming to see her with them. Her valuation of money was childlike. Her sense of fun had in it the bubbling note of youth; this is among the things that stand out as the final test of her character as an "all-round" one. Who could hear her delightful little chuckle without smiling? She had a child's undisguised joy in pleasant surprises, in delighted curiosity about things that promised, in impatient anticipation of a "good time." All her life her mother had to hide her Christmas greetings from her till the glad morning came; it was so difficult for her to wait. She found a peculiar happiness in teasing to know what she might expect on birthdays and at Christmas. Beyond what

might be fancied, did one not know her well, she loved to tease anyway. Her quick mind saw lapses of inconsistency very readily, and she never hesitated to make the best of them. A bit wary as to her ability to "tell jokes," she seldom attempted it, save under compulsion. Possibly her friends encouraged this attitude by assuring her that inability to "be funny" on her own account was one of the sad limitations of her English descent. But surely no one could more readily lend herself to the spirit of fun. It was natural unconsciously to treasure up rare bits to retail to her, so sure was the delighted response, whether it was for the gratuitous point of a joke, or for a recounting of some human anecdote. Her sense of the fitness of things, not inaptly here associated with a sense of humor, was large. It may provoke a smile to learn that Miss Norsworthy encouraged both of her brothers to smoke by presenting them with complete equipments therefor as soon as their ages justified. It represented in her eyes a manly habit that was proper, and she wished to promote it.

Her courage was little to be expected in one of her temperament. While perhaps not aggres-

sive in one way, the way marked by hewing initiative, she would fight for any cause or anybody that had her belief. It was a fighting that knew no let-up, too, till the issue was closed. A sense of personal fear could not be associated with her. One friend tells of an occasion when Miss Norsworthy came near harm from restive horses and afterwards she seemed filled with the dread of having appeared frightened. Her pride evidently was in being afraid of being afraid. She may have lacked initiative; if lack it she did, it was not from any faintness of courage, but to all intents and purposes because her crowded life had small chance to give it play. Her days were too full of straightening out the tangles and problems of other people to have much time left for new projects that she might have fostered.

Intellectually her striking characteristic was incisiveness. Her mentality was discerning, logical, unerring in its ability to clear away extraneousness and go to the heart of a matter. There was nothing blurred or hesitant about it; she could "hit the bull's-eye" every time. Possibly this mental quality in her was what reconciled men to being in her classes at Teachers

College. The delight of those who knew her was to have some unsuspecting new student "measure swords" with her. It was not unusual to see two distinct groups at such times; those members of the class who, her devoted followers, felt that no one should be dense enough to question her conclusions in her own field; and others who felt the "play was on," and it was time to sit back and enjoy the clash, for "the death" of the aspiring student's arguments was a matter of moments. Miss Norsworthy, however, had little taste for wit-combats. In her classroom she could not have felt otherwise than that her students were with her; they saw her "prove her steel" too often not to believe that her blade was a trenchant one. But in the broader social circles she did not like argument, possibly because she feared attendant hurt feelings. Controversy was most distasteful to her, capable though she was to hold her own. Her decisions were made promptly, with due regard to circumstance. One of her mental gifts was the ability to see all sides of a question, and where consequences might lead.

Preëminently she had a certain quality of imagination that enabled her to project herself

into the minds of others, grasp their attitudes or mental states, and thus adequately help them to meet situations. This imagination laid hold upon everything, heightened as it was by the sensitivity of her physical self; it vitalized whatsoever it touched. Imagination may not be a concomitant of prescience, but surely it is a necessary accompaniment of it. Joined as the trait was in Miss Norsworthy with an eager intellect and a passionate sympathy, it made a rich soil for the sprouting of whatever of human interest was planted in it. Her ability to meditate in an imaginative way was doubtless one of the means by which she could so often find a way out of mazes of difficulty and misunderstanding that did not so readily open up to the minds of others. Is not this power to dwell on details in imagination, to recombine them and view them in new lights, one of the marks by which the artist's mind may be distinguished?

Her mind was excellent. Its range is shown by the versatility of her interests and responses; note her intense fondness for science, art, and that which she held above all else, human life. Her control of attention was very great. There was nothing diffusive in her attitude; it was



"this one thing I do" always. Herein lies another explanation for the impression she made of giving herself wholly to the person who had her attention, a something that intensified his sense of her personal interest, and her value. This ability to concentrate on one thing has been considered in the face of her delicate constitution as evidence of her splendid will, but it is not to be denied that it is a mark, also, of intellectual power. Her mind was singularly lucid, "full of knowledge and thought as well as color and emotion." In its keenness of intuition there was a mark of feminine genius; in its ratiocinative quality a mark of masculine ingenuity. She possessed, too, that mark of the finer intellect that demands at once some sort of working theory. The label that may be given to her intellectual forcefulness is one few people can justly lay claim to; it is sagacity.

There was in her nothing more admirable than her fine pride. She had pride in her work, in her ability to "carry a message to Garcia"; it showed itself in attention to details, in the steady pushing she gave to whatever she undertook, in her unwillingness to give up once she had set her hands to a task. She had pride in

her friends, and her wish to please them in the least thing. Her pride showed itself, too, in her willingness to "fight for her own," in her endurance, and control. In one of her letters she makes a reference to the symbolical meaning she had found in the childhood contest of seeing who could longest hold out an extended arm; this sort of pride typified what was one of her controlling life-forces. How clearly it shone in the closing weeks when she feared lest any seeming succumbing to pain might make her appear cowardly! One kind of pride she often inveighed against, the kind that concerns itself with appearances, and false values of all sorts. What has been here called her pride in the last analysis may not be so at all, but instead a "compound of many simples," of loyalty, and thoughtfulness, and thoroughness, and endurance.

Next to her sympathy that trait oftenest drafted by others was her tact. Maybe the qualities are one. Friction of any kind was distasteful to Miss Norsworthy; it rasped on her sense of harmony and ideality, and to lessen it meant not only a duty, but a sense of personal relief, once she knew it existed. Her tact so

impenetrated other qualities in her, however, that to dwell on it is needless reiteration.

A characteristic not to be omitted as very strong in her was scorn — “a furnace blast of righteous indignation” some one has called it — for self-shielding in error, for temporizing, for expedience, for cowardice. Knowing no fear, she despised the weakness that glozes over in the name of “policy,” the indifference or the trepidation that causes any holding back from the fair fight. One thing beyond her to understand was how a “trimmer” could be tolerated. Where she stood on every question involving right was always known. She hid nothing, feared nothing. Get her roused in such a matter, and she could dilate on it longer than on any other. Pretense in any form found her what Dr. Johnson calls “a very good hater.”

The sanity presiding over these characteristics is not usual in a woman of her temperament. Despite all her very feminine traits, — tenderness, and enthusiasm, and responsiveness, — she had rare powers of detachment; cool judgment made her opinions well worth having. Her analytical mind enabled her to see relations as a whole, and with her keen in-

tuition, made her point of view valuable. This detached sanity was possibly the one masculine touch in her. Men appreciated it, and many chose to elicit it in the consideration of their problems; she, in turn, greatly valued their outlook, and often sought it, when weighing her own.

The corollaries of some of these characteristics are to be expected. No one who cultivates his will need hope to escape the charge of stubbornness; and as truly can no one hope for the endowment of acute sensibility and expect to escape impatience. Miss Norsworthy had her share of both. Her stubbornness was of the quiet kind. Once she made up her mind, as to the right of a course of action, it worked with utmost concentration and singleness of purpose; her unobtrusive inflexibility was disconcerting to opposition, and not a little unexpected in a person of so much gentleness. Just one thing could move her, and that was the fear of making anything harder for another when there was no need; should such a condition exist, she would take great pains to explain the factors and ends of her own motives. If the matter involved a point concerning her-

self, it was dropped until the time seemed more opportune, but bob up it surely would. Her manner of persuasion was so winning that most people found themselves no longer opposing her without necessarily being convinced.

Impatience, and its accompaniment, temper, grounded in the quickness of her mentality and her nervous susceptibility, were under that splendid control so a part of her. The restless shifting of her feet was an idiosyncrasy easily to be observed by any one who knew her well when she was stirred by obtuseness or any sort of crassness. This nervousness was oftenest the only sign of the inward storm. Untidiness, shiftiness, procrastination, deception could rouse her. Flashes of temper were too rare to be spoken of, though there are family traditions concerning them; one tells how, in childhood, she slapped a playmate who had hit her dog, and another that in recent years a glass of water came dashing over a very surprised brother who had teased her to the point of desperation. These "saving sins" in mature years were never let out of hand; more than once she was known to say she would give little for the person who had no temper to control.

To draw the line between character and temperament is not always easy. Temperament, we are told, is "inherited tendencies to affective states." These tendencies become the stuff of which habits and, therefore, character are made. Temperament is the background that determines if our life colors shall glow or fade; as such it demands attention.

Miss Norsworthy's most striking emotional characteristic was responsiveness, recorded over and over again. Hers was an intense nature; she vibrated to every call of life that touched her, as the string of a musical instrument will through space pick up its note, if that note be struck. For dumb things, birds and animals, the response was immediate, heartfelt. Her love for pets was decided. She often bemoaned having to live in an apartment house because she could not have a dog. Her understanding of children has been told. Little as she professed to remember of her own childhood, she could easily enter a child's world and be at home in it. A friend of her mother's tells of a time when Miss Norsworthy was a guest in her home. Her young son of twelve years was the proud owner of a billiard table, just acquired, and of the

several grown-ups in the large party being entertained in the home, his choice fell on Miss Norsworthy to play billiards with him, and he would listen to no reasoning from his mother that possibly she might prefer other society and games than his. Miss Norsworthy, at the time a professor in Teachers College, entered with due zest into billiard playing with the small boy, and the mother has never forgotten the ease with which she could turn from that serious business to the inconsequential interests and pursuits of the "Olympians," as Kenneth Grahame pityingly calls grown-ups.

Nowhere was Miss Norsworthy's responsiveness more evident than in her unfailing and boundless joy in every form of beauty; flowers, and music, and sunset skies, "called the spot of joy into her cheek." One of the hidden sources of pleasure in her life was her love for poetry; the hiding it was partly a timidity born of her mother's avowed attitude to it, and partly the impulse we all know to hide deep the things that mean much to us. Once in an address at Teachers College, she grew bold enough to quote from Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn," a favorite with her; it came to one person who heard it as a

surprise great enough to call forth the comment, "Miss Norsworthy's using that quotation gave me a wholly new side-light on her." For many years she carried in the hand-bag that was in daily use a diminutive copy of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," that at odd moments she might revel in them. It was her custom to clip current poetry from newspapers and magazines, for a scrap-book, and then she laughingly would wonder what her mother might think should she chance upon the space in the rifled magazine.

It is easy to give a false impression by putting undue stress on the seriousness of Miss Norsworthy's nature. Unquestionably the religious convictions of her mother deeply colored the childhood years, and the hard exactions of a too-full life left small playtime, but she was too primal a being not to be athrob with the joy of living. It may safely be considered the strongest note in her letters, and they are very characteristic. Her abounding enthusiasm, her pleasure in the moment, her playfulness of spirit were no more than expressions of the child in her. Not enough has been said of that spirit of the child, and of the utter joy it could find



in little things; it was so strong she dreaded lest it be misunderstood, and she outwardly restrained it, but beneath the surface, and with a few people, it ran riot. She spoke of herself in the third person as "Nomy Norsy" very often. She did not minimize matters of momentary interest, as people narrowly serious so often do; her spontaneity was too great. The quality of being "easily made glad" was among the greatest of her attractions; it persisted as long as consciousness held. The flowers that came to her in such profusion during her illness had to be examined for individual beauties; the bird must be brought into her room that he might not have to "talk to himself"; the least concern in the daily lives about her must be retailed to her. She was impulsive naturally, and though contact with many situations and more people had taught her to curb it, the play of it was not far from the surface.

Her temperament was wholly free from any touch of morbidness or brooding. Optimism is a word almost too trite to use in connection with her; its context is often suggestive of unthinking cheerfulness. She could always find light in a situation however foreboding, and

took vast pleasure in looking for it. Her persistence and intelligence and faith could find the redeeming hope, an attribute which in no small degree accounted for the light-giving quality in her that so many people rejoiced in. Discontent or despondence found no resting-place in her heart. This intentness on finding a thoroughfare to a happy solution for difficulties was evidenced in her vast belief in other people. One instance of a wretched strain put upon her friendship still makes the indignation of others flare up; but she worked her way through it, and her friendship for the offender suffered no break. Her lack of physical vigor, no less than the general trend of her temperament, would lead one to expect variations in her moods, but they did not exist. Sometimes, when worn to the last jot of bodily strength, she would exclaim, "I'm done for"; but her recuperative powers were great, and in a short space the weariness would be gone. There was in her that surprisingly strong fibre of resistance which the joy of living was far too strong to allow to be hampered.

In keeping with the laws of this temperament, Miss Norsworthy's reserve was very

great. Possibly reserve is for such people a form of nature's "protective coloration," for they can suffer so keenly that some means of preservation is a necessity. Her reserve did not appear on the surface, for she was so wholly absorbed in the other person that he failed to observe what she felt or liked was obscured from him. The utter readiness of her sympathy, the open allegiance to spiritual ideals, were apt to blind one to the fact that her own self seldom appeared. Her love for poetry and for music, her vivacity, her impulsiveness, her capacity for feeling, her susceptibility of imagination, — all of what might be called a Celtic strain in her, was not known by many even of her nearest friends. She was almost ashamed of this side of her nature, and strove to hide it, always.

Her mother's attitude had much to do with this feeling in her, as has been remarked, and Miss Norsworthy herself had gathered from her environment a profound admiration for the "firmness, tenacity, and close held-on facts" of the typical Englishman. Her reserve was further deepened by her shyness. The very intensity of her nature helped to make her as

reserved as she was. The fires were hidden only, however; they were not smothered.

After such specifications, it should hardly be necessary to denominate hers the so-called "artistic temperament," though there is no doubt she would laugh at the classification. The resonance, the enthusiasm, the imagination, the love for harmony and all forms of beauty, the excessive sensibility in general proclaim her so. A born lover of the good, a seeker for perfection, is not that one an artist? The highest form of art lies in making people happy; art rejoices in the harmonies to be found or made between man and man. The nearer the life can stay to elementary human needs and the spiritual agencies that can satisfy them, the closer is it to beauty. To find the most delicate adjustments; to grow in instinctive sympathy with other lives, divining their secrets by one's own; to love the material of to-day, to master it, and to interpret it through imagination with sympathy and truth; to merge all one's living into an ideal that beckons to the highest, — surely these things mean to be an "artist." And such an artist was Miss Norsworthy. Without the gift of her tempera-

ment there could not have been that fusion of intellectual and spiritual qualities that made her the valuable person that she was. It heightened the pleasure and the pain of every stimulus from material and human contact. Often she said she was glad she had known the alliance with pain, for it had baptized her "into the grace and privilege of seeing."

This catalogue is not without its contradictions. Be it said again they were in the woman. It is a fancy easy of indulgence to think of her as reflecting a scintilla from each of the many kinds of people she daily spent her life for, thus adding new facets to her own nature. This many-sidedness holds a suggested solution for the elusiveness of her charm. But the listing is utterly futile. The "impossible task" yet remains, for the "pulse of the machine" stirs not, the image is wooden. Beyond it calls the memory of her as she was, a "Presence that will not be put by."

## VIII

### SOME ATTITUDES AND BELIEFS

It may be argued that no line should be drawn between a person's characteristics and his attitudes and beliefs, and yet certainly in the latter is far more conscious choice and willing than in the former; the one may be called individual, the other personal. Felix Adler says: "The individual in so far as ethicized is a personality. Empirical man with his defects and his qualities, is an individual; empirical man in so far as he is transformed in subjection to the rational ideal is a personality. An individual has value, a personality has worth." With the worth-whileness of the ideals that made Miss Norsworthy a personality, then, despite the cost of inevitable repetition, this chapter shall deal in the hope that it may lead to a more penetrating insight into the nature of the preciousness of the ethical aims that made her life worth while on its own account, that gave her personality.

Contrary terms descriptive of certain of her

attitudes and beliefs at once spring to mind, terms not in themselves paradoxical, but surprising as existing in the same person. For example, her gentleness and forbearance might cause one to think her a pacifist, whereas she was a believer in the "rooted bellicosity" of the race, and war she could justify; what for lack of a better name has been termed "mysticism" in her might lead one to think her an idle "dreamer of dreams," whereas in practice she was so much of a pragmatist that she deserved to be called by H. G. Wells's word, an "efficient"; her sympathy, grounded on her "best insight and best love" was so broad that it might impel one to think her a socialist in the best sense whereas she was a confirmed individualist. That these contrasts are among the zest-giving qualities of all unusual natures is a commonplace. An harmonious combination she was of individuality and personality, of value and of worth.

Miss Norsworthy's ideals centered about her profound belief that the individual life is only noble, only worthy, as it strives to harmonize and perfect its triune nature, the volitional, intellectual, and spiritual. Through striving

comes strength. The spiritual is the illuminating and inspiring power without which there can be no hope of laying hold upon the essential, the eternal. It is the life of the spirit alone that can impart life. The intuitive, the non-discursive, in human hearts deeply interested and concerned her. Here she thought is to be found life's truest and best, to be revealed step by step to all whom reverent knowledge and sympathetic insight enable to find the way. By what radiates from the "imprisoned splendor" within the hopes for man's highest destiny are warmed and strengthened. Just as loving the truth brings one nearer the true, even so loving the spiritual brings us nearer the spirit. The fairest and finest in will and intellect are possible as the two are vitalized by an absolute devotion to spiritual ideals, in themselves "oracles of vital Deity, attesting the Hereafter." Life's highest mission is to bring into vital glow the divine in the human; this mission has been the glory and the dream of all great personalities since the world began, reaching its highest fulfillment in the God-man, Christ. The cardinal principle of her belief was that the compelling duty of every human life



is consciously and ceaselessly to mould personality after the Ideal of Him who brought "new feeling fresh from God," Who taught what faith is, what service is, what consecration is. Only the soul striving through belief in the beauty and strength of this ideal to express in daily deeds and maybe homely tasks the promptings of the "Vision splendid" can hope to tread the "King's highway" and to steady others therein.

With the blight of unfaith she had small patience. She felt that the doubts that can arise from the bare conclusions of the intellect should be met and repelled by the sharp challenge of the intuitive side which can "know that it knows," though the intellect may not understand; this challenge may be firmly based on conviction not to be gainsaid, won in self-abandonment to the service of the Christ-ideal. To give one's self without question or reservation to sharing His tasks through consecrated living is to find a satisfying answer to the pallid doubts of the intellect, and throw us in noble trust upon

"That still ray  
Which strikes out from you, how, you cannot tell,  
And why, you know not, . . . [and]  
Goes straight and fast as light, and high as God."

The underlying principle of all her attitudes and beliefs, therefore, was the ethical or religious one. With all the strength of her intense nature she felt "as long as any man exists, there is some need for him." That "need" she believed to be found in the inter-dependence of human creatures. The true aim is consecrated service, through self-renunciation; by influencing the lives of others, releasing their highest excellence, one may hope to be in turn stimulated by them into a fresher and higher excellence. "To love more and more the beauty of what is right, to turn with increasing faith from the imperfection in us all to the Perfection above us all" was her unvarying desire. The passion for service showed in her daily attitude towards all men; it was the most cherished aim that she ever knew. She believed that all life is progression, upward and steady, as one strives with all his intellect and will and aspirations for the best brought by each day; this never-ending aspiration, this endless endeavor, is inseparable from a spirit life of true vitality. Take life as it comes, work with it and through it, transform it, use it as a mighty lever that to-morrow may better to-day's opportunity for a greater

service. She never mistook the material with which she worked, nor sought to over-spiritualize it. There are lines in Browning's "Saul" she especially liked:

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ  
All the heart and the soul and the senses, forever in joy."

Death is not the end, but the opening to a broader field where our efforts shall be far freer; but to-day is no time to revel in anticipation, only to live. In some unknown way, our hope for progress in the Hereafter depends on our desire to fulfill the struggle here and on our success in it. Nor does success as the world knows it and believes in it matter at all. "By the pain-throb," by the struggle may progress be won. The mere achievement avails nothing. A desired end once attained, it is worse than useless if the strength overcome in its winning be not used to press on to yet broader fields of opportunity for service. No victory can be accounted such unless it holds within itself inspiration for a fresh battle. The fruit includes the seeds; another undertaking larger, finer, must spring from the old, or decay has somewhere struck in. The striving should always be for a definite, clearly planned aim. First of all, there must

be recognition of the common bond of humaneness. "How very human we all are, and how much alike," she says in one of her letters. To recognize this likeness means to enter more perfectly into the lives of others, to make others feel the oneness of our ends and desires, to freshen in us the conception of the inspiration that we may draw from them, and to increase our desire for mutual justice and for sympathy.

One's right to individualism, one's need for the proper kind of individualism, must not be forgotten. Possessing, as Miss Norsworthy did, the power to waive herself and become at oneness with the person for the moment commanding her, to believe that she effaced herself would be easy. She did not. Merged as she was in a world of intensely demanding social interests, she yet preserved her full freedom; loyal as she was to her friends, seemingly great as was her need for them, none the less she lived in true and independent reliance on her Source of Inspiration and its leading. In the fealty she rendered to the altars where worshipping she drew her nameless strength, she asked no one's counsel, was moved by no one's opinion. That a life may be outwardly devoted to scientific profes-

sional ends, and inwardly to beautiful harmony with exalted spiritual aims she daily proved. Her individualism showed itself also in minor ways. Solitude as well as society appealed to her. She rejoiced in being alone, small chance though she ever had to exercise the enjoyment. At holiday times she liked to go to seaside or mountains with a long-known friend whom she could treat as she might a book, find pleasure in or ignore at will. She could "lie fallow" all day long; stretched at full length on the sands, or in the shade, for hours she would revel in the unresting waters, or the beauty of a quiet world. At such times she would seek unfrequented places where she might be alone, and in undisturbed quiet store up the energy to be spent so extravagantly later. Individualistic was her attitude of readiness for the call of the new moment. "I keep myself obedient and ready," says La Farge. Is it not the expectant prayer of every true artist? For artist she truly was, one who wrought spiritual ends from material things. She felt that each hour was distinctively full of its own earnest, its own right to be served, and one should hold himself open, "obedient and ready" for its claim. It was

largely this attitude which enabled her to give herself whole-heartedly to one person and one thing at a time. A pathetic incident of the last hours of her life bore testimony to this desire. In one of the flashes of consciousness that came, she asked, "Where am I, and what has happened?" On being reassured, she said contentedly, "Oh, yes, I remember. All right; now I am ready for the next thing." Strange it is, bearing in mind her sensitivity and nervousness, — that fact already noted, — that where people were concerned, she was never hurried. "There is always time enough," she said; and she would either find it or make it. One way she compassed this end was in being "before-handed." She planned each day, and far ahead. Believing in ample margins, she did not "run near the edge" of anything. Her well-thought-out plans were often upset, for she dealt with too many unexpected people and situations for them not to be; but her adaptability stood her in good stead, and she was never lost "to find a way."

One of her firmest beliefs was an unbounding faith in the goodness of every human soul, however hidden. To seek out this goodness, this

innate worth, and bring it to the light that it may react on other lives and in its turn be re-inspired by them is of course the essence of every lofty religion. Without escape, this aim imposes on the individual who follows it a willingness for self-sacrifice, and not willingness alone, but impelling desire. So strong was this desire in Miss Norsworthy that it was often said that she seemed anxious to be consumed, so untiringly did she sacrifice herself to meet the demands of service as she saw it. Her passion for people had its roots in the wish to seek out the worth of the individual soul, "to sustain it, and be sustained by it." The poet says, "Publish my name and hang up my picture as that of the tenderest lover." Such was she, in all truth. Month in, month out, year in, year out, she poured forth her great love for her kind. Whatever of dismay, or perplexity or worry; whatever of doubt or wish or plan; whatever of pleasure or promise or anticipation came to the thousands in her busy world, all must be taken to her for counsel, for sharing, for inspiration. She smoothed out tangles; she brought hope and courage and resolution. The compelling force of her responsiveness and sympathy was "mys-

tic, wonderful." People found themselves speaking freely to her of matters they scarcely dared think of; they brought her personal concerns of the most intimate nature. Whatsoever was in her of counsel, of devoted interest, of the sense of caring, of human nearness, was lavished on them. Time for her own recreation passed; time for eating passed; time for rest passed; all were unnoticed by her when these claims came. Hour after hour she stood at "attention." Her desires mattered not; her weariness mattered not; her physical sacrifice mattered not. Indeed she never thought of herself at all. People, in her mind, alone mattered. Such a response was the only one with which she met the violent remonstrances from her family and close friends, when dinner-time would pass, the evening would pass, and she had not come in from her office. Little did the individual who yielded to the wonder of her sympathy know how many appeals like his she met and answered during the day. Of weariness or impatience she gave no sign. Possibly she was conscious of neither. Expending to the last ounce of her strength and time, Miss Norsworthy stood a devoted follower of One who



served "unto the least." She gave freely, fully, fairly, finally, gave without stint and without price. Generous? Sympathetic? One can but wish for other words to express the wealth of her giving, — unhesitating, unquestioning, unrestrained. A primal instinct this prodigality has already been called. She had to give; her nature demanded it. Surely the world is richer for the knowledge that its bounds could compass one so free from all the laws of advantage and of self. There is a freer breath, a fresher belief that

"God's in His heaven  
All's right with the world."

It is not hard to imagine what the attitude of a personality like Miss Norsworthy's would be towards friendship. Believing that it, too, is subject to the laws of evolution, she thought that it grows or decays as the soul goes forward or lags behind. To enjoy her friendship was to be educated in what has been called "the greatest art in life." Those favored ones whom she had admitted to the claim were never far from her thoughts; she needed to share their lives, to share hers with them. Their misfortunes, their joys were hers. The lavishness of her nature

was nowhere shown more strikingly than in the thousand ways she found to give of her thoughts and self to her friends. The utmost of hers was theirs.

It is remarkable that Miss Norsworthy could keep her generous faith in human nature. She came into intimate association with so large a variety of people. The number of students at Teachers College who applied to her for financial help is unbelievable. This one from China had not received his remittance on which to get home, the end of the year approached, and the exigencies of the high cost of living in New York appalled; that one had laid plans for such an income for this month of the year and it had failed for these and these reasons, — could Miss Norsworthy help? Miss Norsworthy always could. There is no instance known where such an appeal was made to her in vain. It is not necessary to say most of these unrecorded loans were repaid; but some of them were not. She could find justification for forgetfulness of them, when she was twitted by the one or two who found out, accidentally, about a few of these beneficences. It may be questioned if this justification be friendship, but surely it is

in the larger sense an optimistic loyalty to belief in the faith and well-meaning of people in general, and is not this the true attitude of a friend?

Her recognition of mastery in any field was instantaneous, and she cherished a chance to come in touch with an "epoch-making thinker" whose fresh initiative could broaden her outlook. In inspiration of this kind she found rare delight. One of the never-failing sources of her life was the stimulus from such a master-mind with which she came in almost daily contact. For the gratitude she owed that leader and thinker she felt unable to find words. With her equals there was the freedom of intercourse wherein she found much comfort and help. She invariably liked to "talk things over" with friends, sometimes to clear her own ideas, again to get new ones. Her ability to see things in the large, added to her excellent judgment, made her a person valuable for others to seek for conference. To those in inferior posts she was very gracious without being the least patronizing. Repeatedly during her last illness an unknown woman, poorly clad, appeared at the door of the apartment to ask, "How is Miss Norsworthy?" and in answer to a request for her

name, said "She would not know me, nor my name. She was good to me, and I want to know how she is." Another like instance is told of a woman wandering about the halls of Teachers College, seeking help to raise a subscription fund to cure Miss Norsworthy according to an advertisement she had found.

Miss Norsworthy's attitude towards her own achievements has been already spoken of. She greatly feared the retardation of complacency, feeling it to be one of the peculiar dangers of the individual after the flush of youth's generous enthusiasms has passed. Dreading self-gratulation, or any approach to aggrandizement, she was a person difficult to tell pleasant things about herself. Her manner of cutting off all such expressions bordered on abruptness. If the struggle only avails, one's successes are not to be kept in the foreground, lest one find it easy to dwell upon them and grow satisfied. To plume one's self in the least degree, even secretly, on whatever he may have done is deadly, since it is vain to try to hide inward thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." The one way to seem free from weakness, such as vanity for instance, is to be free from it in one's inmost

thoughts. Habits of thoughts no less than of action are character. All pretense is vain, for the inward always becomes the outward. Character manifests itself indirectly as well as directly, therefore let no man dare hope to profess one thing and live another. The actual achievement may seem squalid, or splendid; back of it is the transfiguration, attained in terms of the animating ideal, and the attendant effort imposed by it. This belief in the virtue of the struggle was the mainspring of her optimism. Regret or remorse had no place in her scheme of things; there is no time for either, she held, because the one sensible thing to do is to set about a new venture or a fresh emprise with the old. The nearest approach she ever made to pessimism came when there had been a crash under worked-for hopes or human expectations; she would give a funny, deprecating little chuckle, and say, "Things *are* queer"; and that ended it. "Faith and Utopias," says William James, "are the noblest exercise of human reason, and no one with a spark of reason in him will sit down fatalistically before the croaker's picture." In her practical good sense no less than in her belief in the

potency of the struggle in and for itself can be found cause for Miss Norsworthy's unwillingness to "sit down fatalistically" before anything. If one would but strive to-day in "the effulgence of the universal Reason" with all his will and the ideals of his soul, to-morrow must bring its bright morning of a greater day. Because life is progression; because each one is adequate to the task to which he has been called by the Spirit of the world; because nothing can harm save unfaith and irresolution; because the smallest act lays hold on the Infinite, let us heed only the Voices that bid us press on to the ever-widening field, the ever-broadening opportunity, the ever-greater service.

Her small faith in formulas extended over rules and creeds. The spirit is an entity too sacred, its freedom too necessary, to attempt to bind it by formulation. Arouse the soul to a realization of the vast need for service and consecration; let it once glimpse the spiritual significance of life, to be attained through intellect and will and ideals, then no puny circumstance can restrain it, no "shades of the prison house" frighten from its high destiny. For this highest and best, the spirit needs only love and conse-

cration. All things else come as step by step the pathway leads always into broader and more fruitful fields.

Enough has been said to demonstrate how truly was idealism the keynote of all Miss Norsworthy's being. The sacred altars of her life had heaped upon them flames of devotion and sacrifice that lighted paths for many others. To learn all one can, to do all one can, to love all one can, — that is true service, man at his highest. Only as the individual is willing to serve for others and with them, without fear or unfaith, can he hope to open up bigger and better standing-ground for himself and them. To struggle endlessly, even though one may be consumed; to be willing never to arrive; to scorn all expedience; to reduce to-day's problem to a rational solution, never minding to-morrow's; to learn the Christ-ideal and live it: these ideals she lived day by day. She was a mystic, one of those seers that in every age and clime have possessed seeing and understanding hearts.

Lacking the too-usual incapacity of the mystic for exact thought, possibly because of scientific training that demanded exactitude, yet

she had all the mystic's faculty of intuition, of perception of human relations and of spiritual values. She touched the sounding "thread of Beauty that runs through all and doth all unite" with the exalted hope that the music there awakened should stir slumbering lives as a bugle call to duty. She had learned standards of the beautiful, the enduring, the worthwhile, all hidden from most of us earth-bound creatures, and she found her life-joy in following them.

Death itself was in her valuation truly "the great Adventure." It meant only the narrow door through which we pass to the Larger Life where a greater opportunity is given us to know and to do and to love. Freed from all the hampering limitations of the physical, from the dread wrench of pain, from the bitterness of disappointment or the gloom of defeat, the soul is allowed to work out fully what it did here only feebly. Browning, whom she well loved, has best expressed it for her:

"What was, shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;  
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."



## IX

### BITS OF LETTERS

BECAUSE of their intimate note, peculiarly valuable and vital to those persons to whom they were written, bits of but few of Miss Norsworthy's letters can be published. Oftenest the answers to appeals for her sympathy or encouragement, her letters are either full of details uninteresting save to her and the one whose need she was answering, or else too minutely personal to be given to other eyes. The rare tact, or sympathy, or responsiveness, — call it by what word one may, the quality is still missed, — that she gave with such wholeheartedness directly at first hands, she gave indirectly through her written words. Her letters were to the one person addressed, and no other. She entered into his concerns, his thoughts, his hopes, to the exclusion of all else, as she did talking to him face to face; to him their value was great, because they voiced his interests, but they are not for general read-

ing. An unbelievably large number have been searched to yield the fragments given here. She always wrote her letters in long hand, using a secretary only for professional matters. Where she found time for writing the many that she did write is a question. They must have been wedged into "corner minutes" stolen from what should have been times for recreation or sleep. These extracts are what the title of the chapter indicates, bits of letters, chosen because they are characteristic, as well as because they are humanly precious. In them will be found no stilted effort, no attempt at effect, only the "simple language of the heart." The letters of the early years which might have been helpful in better tracing her development were unfortunately long since destroyed; the excerpts given are from letters of the last dozen years. All possible references to identity and the dates have been removed so that they might be wholly impersonal. No effort at coherence has been attempted, and no comments made. The fragments speak, each with its own message, full of the ardent sympathy and the elevated character of the woman who wrote them.

My letters these days are all notes written in the midst of things, and I miss the time to write, but even so I feel that I must not wait for a better time to send an answer to yours which came yesterday. I am sorry for the disappointment in your new place, the more because I know how you had looked forward to it as an advancement. But are n't you glad to be in a post where so much hard work is to be done? It is a tremendously important position, with all sorts of possibilities to work out, and may I venture to say that your time and strength are but lessened either by looking back with regret, or forward with dismay? Don't waste time in regretting. You may not have got shaken down in your new place yet, but you have much to give. It is hard for any of us to find his place in new surroundings, but the fun of making the new place *our* place!

. . . . .

Let me tell you, if I may without trespassing, that you do hide your scars pretty well, and what a fine thing that is for anybody to be able to do. Stoicism has its appeal for all of us I suppose, easy though it may be to carry it too

far. If we can hide the scar, and quite forget the wound that caused it, — maybe are strengthened indeed by the pain of it, — I should say that is a thing to be proud of, and grateful for. I remember as a child it used to be a game of contest with us to try our physical endurance and compare our powers with our playmates' by seeing who could longest endure holding out his extended arm. It has grown to typify a big thing to me. So I should say *you* can "hold out *your* arm" marvelously well!

. . . . .

College is over for this year, and because my head has been feeling the end of things, I am not sorry that it is. You should see how I have been fixing my office over for next year. I have a filing cabinet for my papers and exam. books, and a new arrangement for my books. I am planning to give a certain hour next year to library work, and magazines and reviews, — and another certain time for my study. If I can stick better by my program, I shall find more time for people, for that I must have, despite your merciless words about the way I "over-tax" myself. I am convinced my work

lies through personal touch with people; not all of it, perhaps not the most important part, but nevertheless a part. I don't think you should scold so hard. I know that my life must be spent in service, and I am earnestly hoping for vision to tell me which service is most worth while. I don't dare distinguish, because I don't know, therefore I must give as fully and freely as I can when the demands come. All sorts of people, all sorts of service, yes, but one thing I do know is that to lose one's life is the only hope for each of us, and the one way to lose it is in the lives of others.

. . . . .

I am glad that your trip is proving such an enjoyable one. Ireland must be fascinating! We did not go into Ireland at all, but are reserving that pleasure for our next trip. Is n't Oxford wonderful? and the Rhine, and Heidelberg? It is the age of all those places that gives them much of their power of attraction, and that of course means their numerous associations.

Our summer is quite the opposite of yours in that we are lost to the world and people

among the mountains of New Hampshire. 'This farm is prettily situated, with mountains on all sides. Our little shack is far enough from the farmhouse to give us all the privacy we want, and yet near enough for us not to feel lonely. It is on the edge of a large pinewoods, facing the mountains. We sit on the little porch and watch the moon rise over the mountain-tops, or the lightning play along their summits, and we grow silent with the beauty of it all. Our hammocks are swung in the nearby woods. We had intended having them on the porch, but the woods proved too attractive, and now they are under the tall fragrant pines. I am finding sleeping out of doors even more enjoyable than I anticipated. To watch the silver mystery of the setting moon, or the golden glory of the dawn, or just the quiet radiance of the myriad stars, — all is a joy. All day long we spend in the woods, with blankets and pillows, sewing, or books, or writing material. The rest and peace and fragrance of it is entering my very soul. Surely health and strength must come from such a summer.

. . . . .

Don't bother about the changes you find there after your long absence, or maybe things found that you wish had changed, but you find still the same. You seem to resent change always, and yet it is in you as well as in others, and you would not have it different I know. Any growth must mean change, and more room, and a bigger outlook! Personal irritation is so slight a thing if along with it comes the chance to work, if only the chance to work from under the cause of the irritation. You are not easily overcome. Who knows but your "stately mansions" are already a-building, that your lower vaulted past is already being shut from out your view by just these changes you so cry out against?

. . . . .

Indeed I do rejoice with you over your successful year, for successful is any year when you can feel you have come closer to a single life that needs you. None of us can dare let stand any wall that seems to bar us from others who can sustain us, or whom we can sustain. And I know, too, that the very success this year has brought you must deepen your regret,

or rather sorrow is the better word, for having accepted a call to such distant fields. Your grief at leaving your home for so long, and all the associations you so love there is but natural. I don't feel so bad though for either you or your sister. She is married, and after all, that must count a lot, for that is the biggest thing, and for you, — why I have so much faith in your capacity and ability I feel that you will find excellent adaptation anywhere, however foreign the field may be to what you have hitherto known.

. . . . .

As I write I am sitting on a stone, with my back against a stone fence, under a great maple tree. In the immediate foreground is a rolling field covered with apple trees artistically old, and nodding buttercups and paint-brush. Beyond are the mountains, three tiers of them, covered with their mystery-full blue haze. A robin, drunk with the joy of his summer of life, too, has been gaily telling us all morning what is in his heart. The music of it all rings through my days, and the one possible worry is to decide which of it I love best. There is the



purple-blue of the mountains,—the silvery sheen of giant maples, the ever-changing light and shade of shifting clouds, the tall straight pines with their blue-black tops,—the sough of the wind through them, the fragrance of the balsam smell, with nobody but me and the robin to tell about it. I wonder if I can stick out trying to; it is not a morning to write letters, but just to feel.

. . . . .

I brought numbers of books up here to the woods with me,—some frivolous, some serious, a half dozen to be reviewed for the "Record," a paper for the National Congress of Mothers, two addresses, one each for the North Carolina and Alabama Teachers' Associations, and lots of sewing. When, pray, do you fancy I shall find time to do any of that sort of thing with the Heart of the Wild calling to me? The city is the place to work in, not here where to think, or to attempt any sort of work, seems a protest against Nature and the indolence of summer.

. . . . .

I am writing in the woods, all about me sweet-

fern, knee high, the flecking light-and-shadow patches of bright sunshine over us, and birds calling to their mates in the trees above. I like it! Yesterday we were caught in a thunderstorm and I had such a good time. The feel of the rain beating in my face, the sound of it on the leaves made me glad to be alive. We brought home as booty from our wet tramp two branches of flaming, riotous-red maple leaves, and have fastened them to the front piazza where they shine out against the brown of the bark finish, advance colors of autumn's cohorts. Every day that passes fills me with a great longing to stretch out my play-time here where there is so much to joy in.

. . . . .

It is the time of day I love best, the twilight, maybe because it has in it the minor notes, the slow-dying sunset that mirrors floating pink clouds in the bosom of the lake, the drowsy good-night calling of the birds, the far-away sounds of cow-bells. Somebody once said to me that so much of life is in the minor key that most people instinctively turn away from the minor notes in nature, but I don't believe it.

There is so much peace and quiet and comfort.  
It suggests the Valley of Silence.

. . . . .

I have been living with Browning all summer. It is such a joy to go over and over his things that I love. Sometime will you read "Saul" to me again? I like that one best aloud. And this reminds me of a question you ask in a recent letter that I think I did not answer, — if I had ever tried to find self-expression in poetry. Odd! While you must have been writing, that very topic was being discussed with us here. I was asked what above all else I'd choose to be, and I said a poet, and was promptly laughed at for my frankness. I have never tried it, but above all else I would like to have the gift to express the inner Spirit of Life and Beauty, and that seems possible only in poetry. It is n't strange that I have kept this side of me so well hidden, after all. It is possibly true, what you say, that few people know it is there, but from early childhood up, I have been schooled to hide it. Mother has no patience with poetry, most of it, or sentiment, or any sort of childishness, as I have told you before, and I have

always been ashamed of what I knew was inside, and have kept it under lock and key. And I am glad I have.

. . . . .  
' What you write me of — deeply concerns me. Her struggles always tear my heart. I wrote her at once on receipt of your letter and hope she will tell me freely how things are. Is it hopeless, as you say? I don't believe it! If she would only take the right attitude and hold it, but it seems she has n't so far found the way. I believe she can and will. You know how firmly I believe in absolute frankness. Well, one trouble lies there and the other cause of her failures seems to be pride. Between us, maybe we can help. I am so glad you wrote me, and surely the two of us can do something.

. . . . .  
' Certainly I know what you are going through. No one in all the world who really loves his ideals enough to stand by them could fail to know. It is the common fate of us all sometime or other to have his deepest ideals scoffed at, or maybe not that, but held lightly, and have

people say, "Yes, oh, yes, of course," and look at you as if you were rather to be pitied, and then change the subject. So few understand, and yet it must be so. A sense of values comes to any of us only through specialized training, in the light of a desired end. The greatest of all art creations are but heaps of paint on canvas, or concatenated sounds, entirely void of all meaning unless one has within him a cultivated sense that attaches right values. This is true in the spiritual as well as the artistic world. You quoted to me once something about its being a phantasy of Plato's that understanding souls were once "parts of the same star"; there is something in the idea that there must be far-reaching spiritual kinship before there can be perfect understanding. But why fret when you seem to miss it? People are as difficult to each of us to understand and we fail them just as you complain of being failed. When these thoughts come to me, I begin to look askance at my own "tuning-fork."

. . . . .

"Weigher of words" you call me. Yes, I plead guilty to the charge, if charge of guilt it

is. It is only fair; if others judge as I do, and believe exactly what is said, then it is necessary to weigh words. Things get awry if a body can't take on simple faith, or give in simple faith, the coin of conversation, even its small change. Once juggling begins, it can never be told what is spurious and what is n't. Why not everybody "weigh words"?

. . . . .

After your letter asking me to see —— to find out if there was anything possible to be done, I made a desperate effort to do so, and finally succeeded. You say I must be frank as to what I think of her present mental attitude. I don't like to! But you are a friend of longer and more intimate standing than I, so I suppose it is but right I should say this to you, in the hope you may find some way to help her next year. You already know as much as I do as to how she has let herself brood and grow pessimistic, only *I* don't believe she can't help it! All I say to her falls on deaf ears. I feel as though I was beating my head against a stone wall. She plays with her emotions, and sometimes I think poses for sympathy. You have known her so much

longer than I, and know what an odd mixture of good and evil, how complex and contradictory she is, and yet, that is but saying she is human. You will see from the whole tone of my letter than I am impatient with her, and so I am. My fear always is lest too much sympathy may weaken the recipient, and *that* is very far from being any sort of help. To know how to give, and keep one's self out of it! Meantime, we two will keep pegging away and see what the "eternal dropping" can accomplish.

. . . . .

To-day is my birthday, and a very happy one it has been. My friends are so good to me, and it has power "to make my heart rejoice." With one of my greetings to-day came this — don't you like it?

"Since to us all the years must come,  
May yours fall soft and slow,  
As shaken by a bee's low hum  
The rose-leaves waver, sweetly dumb,  
Down to their mates below."

Somehow I don't mind birthdays; certainly I could not if all are happy as this one. So much of life is a foretaste of what is to come. There is so much added joy each year to be glad

for, the gift of friendship, and the faith in human hearts, and all the things that spur us on, for which there are no names. The path stretches through the years shining and bright, not all smooth of course I know, but all worth while, and I'm glad the end is hidden.

. . . . .

I am very happy to-day. Something happened yesterday to heap up the Joy-fire in my heart, and the warmth has lasted all through the hours since. I feel that I must go out and live and serve in some measure worthy of this great wonderful, Shining Real Thing we call Life. No, I shan't tell you what it is;—you might smile and call me an "enthusiastic child" in that superior way of yours, but were you here, I should tell you all about it and so out-talk you that you would have to agree with me that the Happening is all I am trying to tell you it is!

. . . . .

I have just had such a glorious week-end in the country with dear Miss Dodge. I came back loaded down with flowers and my office



is full of them as I write. I found some four-leaf clovers! Are you enough of a child to know what I felt over them? If you will say yes, you shall have one of the very ones I found. It was such fun to get down in the grass, close to old Earth and with my nose just above the fresh greenness, search out the little "luck blossoms." Such a wealth of blooms, too. I had some lemon verbenas to wear with the clovers, and they kept me intoxicated the rest of my visit.

. . . . .

To-day — frightened me by coming into my class and staying all of ten minutes. It's an awful feeling. I don't know for a second whether I shall finish my next sentence or not. I don't see why he's following me up so closely this year. Those graduate classes overwhelm me, anyway. I wish I could creep into some little backwoods village and be lost so I wouldn't have to teach graduate classes with men in them that don't want to be taught by a woman, and on top of it, to have to be visited! I wish I could be a rural school teacher in the deepest of the Wilds for just a bit of a time! But don't you worry about me. You know how

my foolish natural shrinking seizes me full sometimes.

. . . . .

You must feel the loss of your horse keenly. Animals do make a place for themselves, don't they? I know you will feel the hurt, for you have talked too much about him for me not to know how you regarded him "almost a member of the family." I envy your having had a horse, for I have always longed for one. "When my ship comes in" though, I shall consider the wisdom of a "Fordette" instead. Can't you imagine me a speed-demon? I do love to go fast in a car, and the temptation would be very great! Maybe that is one of the things that keeps my ship so far out at sea.

. . . . .

My work is heavy. Preparation takes so much time, and office work goes on just the same. I meet four hundred and eighty different students every week, and I am not learning to hitch up their names and faces fast enough. The heavy work annoys me only because it fills up my time beyond what I could wish. Easy of

access I must be, for people do not readily seek another who is already occupied with other things. To do what there is to do and not become drowned in details that do not matter; to "register" for what seems the bigger part, — that is what I must get my proper perspective for. The first of the year is always hard, so be patient with my complaints till I can find my way through the Mass of Demands.

. . . . .

Mother is having such a fine time at Asbury. Two ladies have adopted her and she is thoroughly enjoying it. One of them is a rampant "militant," and they are having a fine time arguing. You can fancy mother, she always enjoys meeting new people so much, and is always interesting and interested. I wish I had more of that in me, but then — you know Mother, fine and true and loyal somebody that she is!

. . . . .

The North Carolina teachers want me to take charge of their four meetings, lead the discussions and give one address before the General

Session. I said I would do it, though I don't exactly know what is expected of me. They asked about compensation, and as I had no idea what it should be, I wrote Professor — and guess what he said in reply? Fifty dollars a day and expenses! Of course I shall tell them no such thing, but shall leave it entirely with them. This is the third State Teachers' Association I shall have to do this year. I enjoy meeting old T.C. people at them, but the trips are pretty tiresome.

I am already getting frightened over that Teachers College dinner at the Superintendents' meeting. I am afraid that there will be a number of our faculty women to go down; Philadelphia is more easily accessible than so many of the meeting-places. I invariably get stirred up over those dinners, silly though I know it is in me. There is always a chance they may not be a success. My, but I draw a free breath once they are done with! I wonder if I shall ever learn to do that sort of thing easily? Those Superintendents' meetings are pleasant enough after the dinners are off my hands, because it is so much fun to see so many old students that I have no chance to run upon elsewhere. I have

the nicest scheme planned for a good time; how much will you give me to know what it is? Maybe you will be part of it.

. . . . .

You cannot guess what I have been about this glorious July morning. Making Christmas presents. The summer time is the only time I have to sew, and it is a pleasure to be about it. If one of them should stray your way, you must not examine my stitches, for I remember what beautiful ones you make, and mine are n't specially creditable to Mother's training. There is too much to see and hear in these creature-haunted woods to be tied down in one's thought to sewing, even when a Christmas present is involved. To think of Christmas time and plan for it though is always one of the greatest happinesses the vacation days hold for me, because there is time to think out things that a body never has when the season is with us.

. . . . .

How do you like this "Workaday Creed"?

"The Earth, my Mother;  
Mankind, my Brother;  
Thou, God, my Father;  
Dear Life, my Lover;  
My works, my Children.  
Sleep and Amen."

♦

I love Saturday and Sunday. To-day I have had such a good lazy time reading magazines, and Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women." She is a keen analyst and I enjoy her though I do not always agree with what she says. I always wish I knew my Shakespeare better. If I did, I've an idea Mrs. Jameson and I might agree even less. You will like this little bit from Dr. van Dyke I came on as much as I do:

"Self is the only power that can ever bind the soul,  
Love is the only angel that can bid the gates unroll;  
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast,  
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last."

. . . . .

Don't think any assurance of friendship could ever be commonplace or unnecessary. All of us want them, and some things, you know, can never grow old. Friendship is one of the old-new things, part of the Beauty echoing in bird-songs, and flowers, and music, and the stillness of the woods, the majesty of the stars, and all that Vast World that is forever nameless. Surely you do not think any voicing of that can be unnecessary?

. . . . .

Don't worry, whatever happens, partly because it takes it out of you even worse than disappointment, partly because it more nearly assures what you fear. To give one's self to the Right as far as one can see and then quietly let go and leave the outcome, — is not that all any of us can do? I believe the prospect is far better than you think, but at best, you can find much to keep up your courage and "muscle" with, while waiting. If you just will put aside worry and fear I shall be very grateful. Absolute frankness and candor is the salvation. Be comforted; there is much Help and much Use.

. . . . .

The years ahead are so bright with hope. My heart sings "behind its wall of sense" on this New Year's Day, and part of its song is a greeting for you. How thankless we both are, you and I, ever to wail when things go wrong. I know that I am, for so much more than life gives to most people has come to me. I don't see this morning how things can ever look the least gray-toned again. Do you know a little poem ending thus?

"O faint of heart! storm-beaten, this rain will gleam to-morrow,  
Flame within the columbine, and jewel on the thorn,  
Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow now be sorrow,  
Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the morn."

. . . . .

My trip all day has been such a lovely one. At first the country was gently rolling, great daisy fields of sweeping white, with here and there women and children in sunbonnets, picking wild strawberries. Then came patches of woodland, with glimpses of mountain laurel in cool-green depths, rambling roads, disappearing through the trees, that made me long for a horse and good company to follow them; a little stream running beside the railroad is crossed and re-crossed and crossed again, as we climb up and up into the mountains to Horse-Shoe Curve, built on the side of one mountain and back in the side of the opposite one. Below, the great reservoir with turquoise blue-green water and all around hills, hills. The golden brown of the mountain streams sends back the flashing sunset as I write. Looking back, the track is a long brown gash in the darkening green hill-sides, then we go through a tunnel and out on the other side into the smoke of a busy



factory town. It has been worth the long tiresome trip to have these pictures spread before me all day.

. . . . .

Pride causes so many of our failures. I cannot tell you how earnestly I wish it were in me to say some word of help or comfort. Forget my foolish words about the sentimentalist. You would not have understood them as you did had I said them and not written them. But you know what I mean! The one thing for any of us to strive for is ability to find and live the great and beautiful truth of God, to "surrender to the Infinite and follow God's path and God's truth." What matters the price if one gets his desired value? Whatever is of the Eternal can have no price not worth paying gladly, many times over.

. . . . .

Yes, you have heard correctly about the offer of the deanship of the Women's School at the Carnegie Technical Institute. The offer has unsettled me for days, nor am I quite sure yet what I should do. It appears to be such a

tremendous opportunity for service. And the opportunity to "make a name" seems almost unlimited. But the great question I have faced is if it *is* a larger one for *me*. You know administrative work appeals to me very little, and I somehow feel that I belong in the classroom rather than in an office. My problem of decision was not lessened by the fact that mother wanted me to go, and some of my best friends, men here on the T.C. Staff also advised it. But I am not going! Wait till I tell you why before you think I have decided too quickly, and maybe you will agree with me. — First, the schools, because of the location of Pittsburgh, must remain largely local in influence; second, administrative work is physically so wearing, I doubt the ability of my nerves to stand it. The life of service of administration officers in the colleges of the United States is under twelve years — what would mine be? Though the field may be broader, a fact that I doubt, yet I am not measuring up to what is here to be done; why should I seek a broader field when I am not adequately filling this one? The feeling that I belong here is so strong that I must abide by it; and it comes back and back. I just

can't get away from it. If I am meant to do that kind of work, He will send other openings. Teaching is in every way much bigger than administrative work; one comes in so much closer touch with the reality in human creatures either through intellect or heart. Christ showed the way to do it, through personal human contact. So many people get lost in the material and humanly human in a big university, that the opportunity to hold up spiritual ideals is far beyond what my poor little strength and vision can cope with, — and yet I feel that my post is here and I must stand by it.

. . . . .

I am sorry it was a disappointment to you to know I had refused the offer of a deanship at the Carnegie Schools. Many of my friends here agree with you, — think I have “missed my chance.” There is no question it is a big post, with enormous opportunities, and a large salary, but I finally decided to stay right here. The appreciation that has come to me because of that decision has made me ashamed, when what I do falls so far short of what I see! But I believe I did right in my negative. The physi-

cal tax would have been overwhelming, and you know my great desire to do the work — all of it — given me to do. The desire for service over-tops the physical pain and the going without, if that had to be, but I must have the inner consciousness of doing things that satisfy, and that I believe I will more nearly have here at Teachers College. I know that you would wish me to do the right as I see it.

Anyhow — the die is cast!

. . . . .

The feeling that I have been so stupid as to hurt any one sends my peace of mind to the four winds. That sort of thing is inexcusable, and I can but be stirred up over it when I know that I have been so unmindful as to be guilty of it. You say I take these flurries too seriously, but that cannot be helped, because I do not want to help it. I have heard you say how much you preferred to choose ruffled waters rather than the dead smoothness of unending calm; so why do you mind when I do? It is the sort of thing that one must accept as an inevitable price, and we both choose always to pay in full.

. . . . .

All my life I have been shut from words that expressed the actuality of my feelings, so will you bear with me for striving for words that will express what I want to say? You would, could you know how difficult a matter with me it is to say just what I wish. My dumbness you must attribute to a life-long shyness partly, training partly, reserve partly, and finally to an uncertainty of words themselves. So, though I fear that I shall not make my sympathy clear to you, it will not be for any other reason save that I cannot find words. . . . We must hammer out the steel of our Ideal on Life's anvil, or the hope of any happiness that is lasting is gone. That we are called upon so often to do it alone, even denied the hope of human comradeship that the heart craves, in no wise frees us from the obligation. It has been ordained that we shall leave the quiet places that soothe and with yearning hearts and wondering minds turn into the thick press of the surging world where all our best is needed to keep our balance and steady those near us whose footing is not sure. The Vision is there, — far out; the sky-line lifts, recedes; beyond are glimpsed still other heights that beckon with beauties not to be denied. In

the Quest we find joy and peace and abiding comfort, for there is something in the human heart that is meant to be stilled only in this eternal seeking.

. . . . .

The course of action noted to outsiders may look selfish; whatever course brings least anxiety and greatest help to those you would serve is in the end the unselfish one. No matter how much heart-hunger or yearning you may have, no matter how you may feel, you know the right thing is to do as you are doing. If one must truly give and have anything worth the giving, he dare not neglect his own life. It must be enriched from the Sources, or it is but froth he has to offer to the many. To get in order to give, to broaden in order to enrich, to learn in order to teach,—that duty is laid on us all. How and where to strike the balance, what to do and what to leave undone, is hard, I know. But I also know that if I am truly desirous of living up to all the knowledge that I have, more will be given me, and I shall know. No matter how things look, the more we seek for real understanding, the more it will come. The tip-toeing

up to what is beyond, the reaching up for Truth and Beauty, the praying to be kept never Satisfied, — is not that the Quest Wonderful for us all?

. . . . .

Think of Death as the Great Release. For her whose loss you mourn, what a glorious awakening! To be freed from all physical limitations, from all disappointment, from all gloom and grief, free to serve in that world beyond, to enter into the glory of the spirit of Truth, of Light, of Beauty. Think what it must mean to be able to accomplish what one wishes, to live one's ideals, not in part, but fully. Rejoice with your loved and gone-before, not merely for her release, but for her new opportunity to fulfill the work begun here. I love that line, "He giveth His beloved sleep." Sleep here, awakening there. Physical laws forever vain to bind the spirit, the boundless stretches of the Eternal about us!

I would pour in "the oil and wine of friendship," so freely if I could. Take comfort. Do not let your heart harden, nor allow yourself to grit your teeth and go on grimly, shutting

the door on the sorrow. It is a power that can open afresh all the springs of your life, that can soften and broaden, that will trumpet your spirit anew to the work of your hands and the hopes of your heart. You say truly when you say these things must be so. Every human soul must pass through the deep waters, and it is ordained that he shall pass alone. It is then the absolute aloneness of the soul comes home. Arnold's "Isolation" is so true! I know all this, — know that you must pass alone. But God sends us human hearts to cheer and sustain, though they may not spare. And across the tide, itself "too full for sound or foam," I await the knowledge of your triumph.

. . . . .

Let not yourself be upset by any thought of my illness. My physical suffering is of no moment. It is part of the price I gladly pay. All understanding, all sympathy, come through pain. My great hope, my opportunity for service has lain in the fact that I have suffered in many ways, and I have gladly paid the price, and do now. The longing for reality you have so often remarked in me is rooted I think,



in my knowledge of "Pain's familiar hand."  
Through it all, the Real Things have not been  
shut out from me, —

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your term long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you —  
Except the Will which says to them, — Hold on!" —

So there you see just now what I am striving  
for, and please don't make it harder by letting  
me know you mind for me! Some day maybe  
I shall not have to bother with a physical body  
that hampers and troubles.

. . . . .

Your note came to cheer me. I am glad you  
are going not "back" but "on."

"Storm and stress," continual readjustments,  
fresh insight, greater depth, broader interests,  
all are necessary if we are to grow. If we are  
striving for a knowledge of the Infinite, there  
is an everlasting need for growing, but if the  
storm and stress accomplishes nothing, it is  
worse than useless, it is wrong. I am sorry for  
the hurt, but surely you are unfair to yourself.  
You know "Earnest desire prayeth always;  
when ceaseth prayer? When the heart grow-  
eth weary." You are thinking of yourself and

your hurt too much. Self-reproach is always wasteful. We can use the same time doing things over, or doing them anew. "Deserving" does n't seem to enter at all. These things are not blind luck; nothing is. There is purpose back of it, and all any of us can do at such times is to walk softly and wait.

. . . . .

Don't let the shut-inness claim you. Life is just a big chance to "do a good job" with promotion awaiting us here and hereafter. The spirit is hampered here; but no life can learn its lessons of denial and fortitude without the spirit's being strengthened, gaining in power and fibre, so that the capacity for service is greater in the next world. Compensation's law "makes up" what seems inequalities and injustices here. That sounds crude, but you know what I mean, and think with me. The great crying need of each of us is patience to wait for understanding of the pain and trouble in the world, and tenderness of love great enough to be where pain is and not be unsettled by it. Do you know this? "Prayer is not an act of worship merely, the bending of the knee

on set occasions, and the offering petitions in need. It is an attitude of soul, opening the life on the Godward side, and keeping free communication with the world of spirit." And is n't it the best kind of praying to "be still and know that I am God" through the great wretchedness of seeing one's loved ones suffer?

. . . . .

If human sympathy becomes an end in itself, and gets between the soul and higher spiritual values, it is a hindrance and no more a help. To keep it in the background as a medium of transmission of the divine through the human is what we have to strive for. I do not see how any one who is deeply interested in others can help being what you call a "human barometer." The pressure of "16 pounds to the square inch" is nothing compared to that put on us by each other. It is what you are feeling when you are trying to hold steady and "see through." If you could but learn to still the restlessness and the questioning. It is "like lashing a bruise" sometimes, to thread back to find our mistakes in order that we may avoid them, but how vastly much better that pain is than the anæ-

thesia of indifference! That you can apply the lash to the bruise means the very strength that will bring you the joy of victory in the end.

. . . . .

It is when the human heart throws off the limitations of its finite self and stands forth in such splendid strength as this you tell me of that one draws a full breath and lifts his eyes to the "everlasting hills" from which comes strength. In the face of what we know as the realities, how can we ever be discouraged, or careless, or indifferent? We can but "face-front," and march forward with surging courage. In the possibilities and sacrifices of human love there are opened such wonderful reaches, such far-leading vistas of all-sustaining power that we are brought face-to-face afresh with the wonder of the Divine Perfection of Love. Of course it is only through human love and understanding that we can find a possible means of interpretation of the Divine, and it is for living proofs like this one that we must be most grateful.

. . . . .

There are lines of Matthew Arnold's that run something like this:

"With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 't were done:  
Not till the hours of light return,  
All we have built do we discern."

They have comforted me many times, for I am no more patient than you are, waiting to see "results." Sometimes when I have waited longest, and not always hopefully, things have all at once cleared, and though sometimes they are different from expectations, it is a wonderful experience to see how vastly better they often are than we had planned! I am hoping it will work out so for you this time. But even so, you feel with me that it is the struggle that avails, and you are glad and can but be glad that you have thrown yourself so whole-heartedly into the effort.

. . . . .

Your question is a big one; it is the cry of the human soul, of every soul. My answer must be a personal one; that is what you wanted, is it not?

I believe most fully that happiness that is abiding, calm, and steady comes only through service. All the teachings of philosophy, psychology, sociology, ethics, point to that answer. Consciousness of self as the controlling force in the life of an adult induces a morbid unhealthfulness of mental life, a restless dissatisfaction with life's conditions, a vain, frantic striving for that which always eludes, or if grasped, could never satisfy. In a child, this control of personal motive has a place, but the adult is a social being, and the self truly functions only under social conditions. You ask, "Does n't your personal self ever cry aloud?" But service is the highest expression of the full person, and therefore the personal life in service is being fully satisfied. The selfish motives and desires are there with us all, and in order to overcome them and reach happiness through service, one must have a strong purpose, an ideal that is overwhelmingly attractive, and a source of inspiration and strength outside his own limited capacity. The Christ furnishes all three. Devotion to the well-being of others in the broadest possible sense was what He preached. "He that loseth his life shall save

it." True, complete happiness comes only through following in the path of self-sacrifice and social service pointed out by Him.

. . . . .

How can any one who has in the least sounded the depths of human hearts, their power to love and suffer, ever doubt God or the Hereafter? That power is so entirely different from what we call the "human," from everything but spirit. It is in its essence a longing, a reaching out for something never grasped, a going-out, a giving-up, and yet forever it bears in it the influence of "wine that strengthens, of meat that sustains." The firm faith in it, this hidden universal strength, is music through all my days. It is the force of it that makes me feel so strongly the need for us to reach out to the Source of all that we may lay firmer hold on the Infinite, may strive more for the Christ-ideal. So I am making for you the greatest, most inclusive wish: that this Ideal may be yours to live, to strive for, to sacrifice for, and then only will you be truly satisfied.

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## X

### FAVORITE POEMS

#### YESTERDAY'S GRIEF

THE rain that fell a-yesterday is ruby on the roses,  
Silver on the poplar leaf, and gold on willow-stem;  
The grief that chanced a-yesterday is silence that  
    encloses  
Holy loves, where Time and Change shall never  
    trouble them.

The rain that fell a-yesterday makes all the hill-side  
    glisten,  
Coral, on the laurel, and beryl on the grass;  
The grief that chanced a-yesterday has taught the  
    soul to listen  
For whispers of Eternity in all the winds that pass.

O faint of heart! storm-beaten! this rain will gleam  
    to-morrow,  
Flame within the columbine and jewel on the thorn,  
Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow now be  
    sorrow,  
Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the  
    morn.

*K. L. Bates.*



I KNOW a nature like a tree;  
Men seek its shade instinctively.  
It is a choir for singing birds,  
A court for the flocks and herds.  
It grows and grows, and asks not why,  
But reaches up into the sky,  
And stretches down into the soil,  
Finding no trouble in its toil.  
It flaunts no scar to tell of pain,  
Self-healed, its wounds have closed again  
Unaided by its pensioners.  
And yet I know that great heart stirs  
To each appeal and claim, — indeed  
Leans to their lack and heeds their need.

*A. W. Bailey.*

### TRANSGRESSION

I MEANT to do my work to-day,  
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the fields,  
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,  
Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand, —  
So what could I do but laugh and go?

## VIOLIN MAGIC

I HEARD you touch a fairy thing  
That lured the trees to blossoming.  
I saw them flush, — and then you made  
Their green leaves greener as you played.  
You drew your bow so gently down  
I dared not breathe, lest breathing drown  
The tender little crooning tone  
That was a wood-thrush all alone.  
The tense string quivered, and I knew  
Where grasses strange, with morning dew  
Climb a far hill I love, that all  
The drops they wore shone magical,  
Brimmed with the dawn, nor lovelier  
Than those your crystal measures were.  
The deepest forest-dusk you found  
With silver darts of moon-lit sound  
That pierced the trees reluctant crowd,  
And made the dryads laugh aloud;  
I hear them now, and one I hear  
Whose voice unearthly-thin and clear  
Bears trace as through the trees she slips  
Of wild-wood honey on her lips.  
But when your enigmatic mood  
Nor dawn nor dusk of a deep wood  
Nor dryad's laugh, nor thrush's song  
Nor April's blossoms would prolong,  
And only wayward beauty calls  
Along your argent intervals,  
Then am I tranced with listening,  
Lest my heart stir, or anything

Within me question, and your soul  
Withdraw from mine its dear control;  
Like him, Grail-sent, whom named of men,  
The white swan bore away again.

*G. H. Conkling.*

### THE DREAMS DENIED

Our lives are molded by the things we miss,  
Not by Love's answering eyes, not by his kiss,  
But by Love's hunger do we learn Love's bliss.  
Our growth must answer to the swell and strain  
Of thew and sinew toward the ultimate gain;  
The warrior's worth is measured by his pain.  
Upward our hopes are flung like tongues of fire;  
The dreams denied unendingly aspire;  
The soul must take the shape of its desire.

*M. C. Smith.*

### THE LESSON OF THE TREES

MASTER, I learn this lesson from the trees:  
Not to grow old. The maple by my door  
Puts forth green leaves as cheerily as I  
When I was taller than this self-same tree  
Put forth my youthful longings. I have erred,  
Standing a bleak and barren, leafless thing  
Among my hopeful brothers, I am shamed.  
I will not be less hopeful than the trees;  
I will not cease to labor and aspire;  
I will not pause in patient, high endeavor;  
I will be young in heart until I die.

*Richard Kirk.*

## A PRAYER

GOD, though this life is but a wraith,  
Although we know not what we use,  
Although we grope with little faith,  
Give me the heart to fight — and lose.  
Ever in conflict let me be;  
Make me more daring than devout;  
From sleek contentment keep me free,  
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my ears to music; let  
Me thrill with spring's first flutes and drums;  
But never let me dare forget  
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done,  
Keep me though all the world deride,  
And when at last the fight is won,  
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

*Louis Untermeyer.*

## DEDICATION

A LITTLE while to pass within the throng,  
To dream, to toil, to weep, to love, to die, —  
And then the silence and the closing Song,  
And no more of the riddle that was I.

A thing of moments, scattered preciously,  
Across the level cause-way of the years!

And yet what sudden light may I not see?  
What Vision making glory of my tears?

Mayhap if I sing bravely, true, and well,  
My song shall strike God's universal rhyme,  
And like the echoes of a sweet stilled bell  
Live in the heart of heaven after Time.

*D. Burnet.*

### FAITH

OH, I am tired out to-day.  
The whole world leans against my door:  
Cities and centuries. — I pray, —  
For praying makes me brave once more.

I should have lived long, long ago,  
Before this age of steel and fire.  
I am not strong enough to throw  
A noose around my soul's desire,

And strangle it, because it cries  
To keep its old unreasoned place  
In some bright, simple Paradise  
Before a God's too-human face.

I know that in this breathless fray  
I am not fit to fight and cry.  
My soul grows faint and far-away  
From blood and shouting, till I fly,

A blinded coward, back to hide  
My face against the dim old knees

Of that too-human God, denied  
By these quick crashing centuries.

And there I learn deep, secret things,  
Too frail for speech, too strong for doubt:  
How through the dark of demon-wings  
The same still face of God gleams out:

How through the deadly riotous roar,  
The voice of God speaks on. And then  
I trust Him, as one might, before  
Faith grew too fond to comfort men.

I should have lived far, far away  
From this great age of grime and gold.  
For still I know He hears me pray, —  
That close, too-human God of old!

*Fannie Stearns Davis.*

### THE SEER

FILL me with fire and solace, gird me with speech  
divine  
That the word of my mouth be music, and the chord  
of my song be wine;  
For the soul that quivers within me would mystical  
things unfold,  
Though the world is weary of singing and the eyes of  
the world are cold.  
I am the deathless Vision, the Voice of memorial  
years,

The Prince of the world's rejoicing, the Prophet and  
Priest of tears.

Have I not tasted rapture, have I not loved and  
died?

Mounted the peaks of passion, with you been cruci-  
fied?

Come, I will lead you softly, through floods that are  
smooth and deep,

And trailed with the shimmering curtain of dream-  
embroidered sleep;

To the dim, mysterious portal, where the spirit of  
man may see

The folds of the veil dividing himself from Eternity.

Would you I bring my music? I'll pipe where the  
toilers go,

And through your sweat and labor, the strains of my  
song shall flow;

Dulcet-clear for your comfort, winged with a deli-  
cate fire,

The shout of a strong heart chanting to the lift of a  
soul's desire!

And whether you stay to hearken and drink of my  
healing spring,

Or turn from the plaint of my tender, articulate whis-  
pering,

Ere ever ye came I was ancient; and after ye pass, I  
come, —

The Voice that shall lift in rapture when the moan  
of the earth is dumb!

*Alan Sullivan.*

A BOLT is shot back somewhere in our breast,  
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again:  
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,  
And what we mean we say, and what we would,  
we know.

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,  
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees  
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze,  
And there arrives a lull in the hot race  
Wherein he doth forever chase  
That flying and elusive shadow, Rest.  
An air of coolness plays upon his face,  
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.  
And then he thinks he knows  
The Hills where his life rose,  
And the Sea where it goes.

(From "*The Buried Life*" of Matthew Arnold.)

### THE SONG OF THE MYSTIC

I WALK down the Valley of Silence —  
Down the dim, voiceless valley — alone!  
And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
Around me, save God's and my own;  
And the hush of my heart is as holy  
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices  
Whose music my heart could not win;  
Long ago was I weary of noises  
That fretted my soul with their din;



Long ago was I weary of places  
Where I met but the human — and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;  
I craved what the world never gave;  
And I said: "In the world each Ideal  
That shines like a star on life's wave,  
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,  
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,  
And still found the False with the True;  
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,  
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue;  
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal  
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,  
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men,  
Till I knelt, long ago, at an altar  
And I heard a voice call me. Since then  
I walk down the Valley of Silence  
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?  
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.  
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."  
And there arose from the depths of my spirit  
An echo — "My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?  
I weep — and I dream — and I pray.  
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops  
That fall on the roses in May;  
And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,  
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim Valley  
Till each finds a word for a wing,  
That to hearts, like the dove of the deluge,  
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the Silence  
That never shall float into speech;  
And I have had dreams in the Valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley —  
Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces,  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:  
They pass through the Valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?  
It lieth afar between mountains,

And God and His angels are there:  
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of Prayer.

*Father Ryan.*

From "*The Marshes of Glynn.*"

AY, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the  
soul of the oak,

And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome  
sound of the stroke

Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,  
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I  
know,

And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass  
within,

That the length and the breadth and the sweep of  
the marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought  
me of yore

When length was fatigue, and when breadth was  
but bitterness sore,

And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable  
pain

Drew me out of the merciless miles of the plain, —

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face

The vast sweet visage of space.

YE marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-  
withholding and free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves  
to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and  
the sun,

Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath  
mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain  
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a  
stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,  
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of  
God:

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen  
flies

In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the  
marsh and the skies:

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod  
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:  
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness  
within

The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of  
Glynn.

(From the *Poems of Sidney Lanier*. Copyright, 1884, 1891,  
by Mary D. Lanier. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.)

## XI

### MEMORIAL SERVICE

#### SERVICE IN MEMORY OF PROFESSOR NORSWORTHY<sup>1</sup>

##### TRIBUTE BY DEAN RUSSELL

WE come here to-day to pay our tribute to a dear friend and colleague. We should be overwhelmed, if we were to allow ourselves to dwell upon our loss. How great it is you know full well. No other break in the chain that binds us together in our institutional life would be felt so keenly; no absentee from our circle could be so sorely missed as we miss her. So completely had she become one of us that her passing deprives us of something seemingly a part of ourselves.

It is characteristic of some of the finer human virtues that giving does not deplete the store of the giver. The more one gives of love and sympathy, the more one has to give. The silver lining to the cloud that now enshrouds us is that she

<sup>1</sup> Held on January 12 in the Milbank Chapel of Teachers College. Reproduced by permission from *Teachers College Record*, March, 1917.

has taught us how to give unstintingly — to give our time, our energy, our means to forward every good work; taught us how to do the day's work in such a way as to bring the highest rewards; taught us how to live cheerfully even under the weight of pain and sorrow; and taught us how, by losing all, to gain complete mastery over death. She embodied, as few do, grace and charm of personality, exceptional intellectual power, and self-sacrificing devotion to duty. Her life was a constant inspiration to those of us who knew her as teacher and colleague. In her death we take courage and again resolve to carry on her work, in her own beautiful way, and for the high purpose that she ever put before us.

We have with us to-day Dr. Thorndike, the teacher to whom she would probably acknowledge she owed more than to any one else. I think it is peculiarly proper that Professor Thorndike should be asked to speak of her as a student and a teacher.

#### REMARKS BY PROFESSOR THORNDIKE

Out of the great richness of Professor Norsworthy's service as teacher, woman, Christian, and as friend, it falls to me to speak of her work

in the department that she served so long. After graduating from the Normal School at Trenton in 1896, and teaching for three years, Naomi Norsworthy came to Teachers College. At the end of her first year she became an assistant in the department of educational psychology. In the sixteen years since then she gave, as instructor and professor, unfailing service and devotion to the College; no task that she was asked to perform was ever slighted, no problem of the department's work was ever neglected. Her work for the social and religious organizations of the College and her tireless care for individuals never caused her to abate full performance of her own teaching or coöperation in the department's responsibilities. She was offered money and power in large measure as an administrative officer in another institution — she could have had extended authority here; but she stayed by the work which she had begun and which never lost its interest.

Of her skill in teaching you all know. At one time or another she taught a majority of the courses given in the department, both those for undergraduates and those for graduates — always with consummate success. Her success

was the product not only of sympathetic insight into students' minds and response to their interests, but also of thorough, conscientious preparation. She dignified teaching, never making it secondary, either to scholarship or to educational management. In her teaching, as in all her work, she was utterly devoid of ostentation; all thought of self was lost in the artistry of making students understand, remember, and apply.

To think of Professor Norsworthy is to think first of human love and charity. And this is fitting; for in no woman was human kindness more uniform and persistent. Her kindness was not, however, a diffuse benevolence, an indiscriminate sympathy. It was directed by acute thought and sound common sense. Her sense of workmanship never tolerated mercy where strict justice was needed. For sham, meanness, and disloyalty she had an honest, vehement hate.

Over three thousand men and women have been under her direct influence as her students. Every one of these, were they here, would bring his tribute of respect for her ability, reverence for her character, and affection for herself. Each



of her colleagues in the department quickly learned to honor and love her. If anything was entrusted to her to do, all burden of anxiety for that matter fell at once from everybody else. If criticism came from her, we took it gladly. In every one of her successes we took pride. We tried to help her as she helped us. We shall try to honor her by maintaining the devotion to teaching and the sensitiveness to all human values which she never relaxed.

Her energy and wisdom asked no praise. Her loyalty and love sought no reward. But a place in our minds as the perfect teacher and in our hearts forever as a perfect friend is the reward she would cherish — and that we give.

#### REMARKS BY PROFESSOR WHITLEY

It has been my privilege during fourteen years to know Miss Norsworthy intimately in at least three different capacities — as a teacher, as a co-member of the staff, and particularly as a close personal friend.

Any one who has ever been a student of hers can testify not only to the wonderful charm of her personality, but also to her skill in her beloved art of teaching. She had the ability so to

guide a discussion that the timid were emboldened to take part, the hazy thinkers were led to clear expression, the belligerent were rendered willing to compromise, and the stubborn were allowed to convince themselves of the opposite view from that which they had started. Her fertility in illustration made her class periods as interesting as her alertness in repartee made them enlivening.

But to know Miss Norsworthy only in the classroom was to enjoy but one side of her. Shy and sensitive as she was, she preferred, and needed, in the summer vacation, to get away from large crowds and stay in some quiet country place where for long days together she could rest in the open air. In the more intimate circle of family and friends there was still more of her gay, whimsical vivacity revealed. Because of her fragile physique she was debarred from the rougher kinds of sports; but she spent many happy hours boating, bathing, driving, touring, or in exploration on foot of some secluded, woodsy spot. Refreshed by such summers, but never so built up physically as we could wish, she would return to the College still more ready for the blessedness of the giving of herself.

Many groups can look back to happy associations with Miss Norsworthy. In committee work she knew how to handle a delicate situation so that too individualistic members were led to a coöperation apparently self-suggested. Chaotic plans evolved into orderliness under her leadership, and discordant attitudes resolved into harmony. Chiefly was she in demand in the religious organizations for the personal touch in which the more public lecture courses should culminate. By her gentle persuasiveness did she help others to greatness; above all by what she was in her daily living did she influence others, as did Naomi of old, to decide, "Thy God shall be my God."

Not only for groups but for untold numbers of individuals did Miss Norsworthy become, in quite other than the academic sense, adviser and friend. No office hours were ever long enough in which to interview the many who sought her help and sympathy. The corridor near her room has often, by its rows of chairs, witnessed eloquently to the length of time people were willing to wait if they could but get their turn at last to confide in the ever-ready listener. Even during the last two years, with

the heavy strain of anxiety at home and with the handicap of nights broken by needed ministrations for her mother, and at a time when already, had we but known, the fatal disease must have been at work in her system, even then Miss Norsworthy never spared herself, never ceased to give generously of her time and strength to any who came to ask of her.

Too broad to be committed to a single friendship, she had the ability, so rare and so precious, of taking another and another and yet others into the close circle. There was the special, warm place in her heart for each. Of absolute sincerity and loyalty herself, she expected the same in those around her. Deep love and devotion have been the returns from the many who know themselves her friends. Hers was the winsome charm that drew people of all sorts. Hers was the intuitive knowledge to say that which brought relief to one in a state of unbearable tension. Hers was the way of looking at things that set conduct in an intelligible perspective. Hers was the gift to calm not merely by soothing but by restoring self-control. Hers was the wisdom to avoid fostering a weakening self-pity, when a bracing resolution was necessary.

Long ago she found and used these quotations as an aim to set before her in her friendship, — quotations which we, who knew her, feel reveal her best: "To have a true friend one must love Truth and Right better than he loves that friend." "Friend, come up higher — higher along with me, that you and I may be those true lovers who are nearest God when nearest to each other."

It is hard to realize just now that we shall not have her dear physical presence any more; but we should have failed in all the fruitage of her friendship did we not answer to the increased responsibility now ours to interpret in heart and life what such a personality has meant. It seems to me she is still, from her new life, to which she looked forward for greater opportunities of love and service, sending the same message, "Friend, come up higher." "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor things present nor things to come . . . can separate us from love."

#### CLOSING REMARKS BY DEAN RUSSELL

It is suggestive that in speaking of her we say "Miss Norsworthy." Even when speaking of her scholarship she was not mentioned as

"Dr. Norsworthy" and but seldom (and always in official relations, merely in speaking of her College work) was she mentioned as "Professor Norsworthy." Miss Norsworthy — woman, generous, sympathetic, loving, and yet fragile; it is the womanliness that stands out, the personality that attracts us most, because she used her personality, she used her talents, she used her scholarship, she used that marked skill in teaching for the attainment of an ideal. That is why she came so close to us. That is why we miss her so much, and shall miss her.

This is not, perhaps, the time or place to tell of her accomplishments in College work or what she has done for our young women's social and religious organizations generally, and of the extended influences of that work in other institutions besides ours. I think these matters have been touched upon more beautifully than I can present them, but we must not forget the fact that she had the Great Teacher's instinct and the Master's spirit which led her to use all that she possessed in the service of others. In testimony of that I am getting every day letters from former students who somehow feel that they must express what has already been said here

to some one connected with the College. The day of her funeral I received in the morning's mail a Christmas card with the word "Merry" stricken out and in its place a gold piece, asking me to deposit it with the Treasurer as the beginning of a fund in memory of Miss Norsworthy. A few days later I opened another letter from a teacher in Brooklyn, another of her former students, pledging one hundred dollars to a fund. No one had suggested a fund. It was just the spontaneous expression of her students' desire to give some tangible expression of the deep love and affection that they and we feel for her.

#### PRAYER BY CHAPLAIN KNOX

O God, our Heavenly Father, who by the guiding of Thy Spirit has raised up those who have been Thy witnesses among men and the Light of the world in their several generations, we give unto Thee our heartfelt gratitude and praise for the life of her who has been a true witness and light unto us, alike our companion and teacher, our counselor and our friend.

We thank Thee for the rare talents of intellectual power with which she was so richly endowed and which she faithfully devoted to a

larger understanding of the mysteries of the mind, and to a seeking of the truth which sets men free:

For those generous qualities of heart and soul which so endeared her to us, enabling her to enter with sympathetic insight into the lives of all who came in contact with her, there to awaken the new resolve and unveil the higher vision:

And for the faith that she so grandly won and lived, by which her life was ever joined with Him who said, "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, ye may be also."

Grant that her life, and the rich heritage she has left, may ever abide with us, adding through the unending years to the honor and fame of the University, to which she freely gave herself, a strength and inspiration to all who go forth from this place to live, as she lived, in the service of Thine eternal Kingdom!

We ask it in the Name of Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Amen.

THE END



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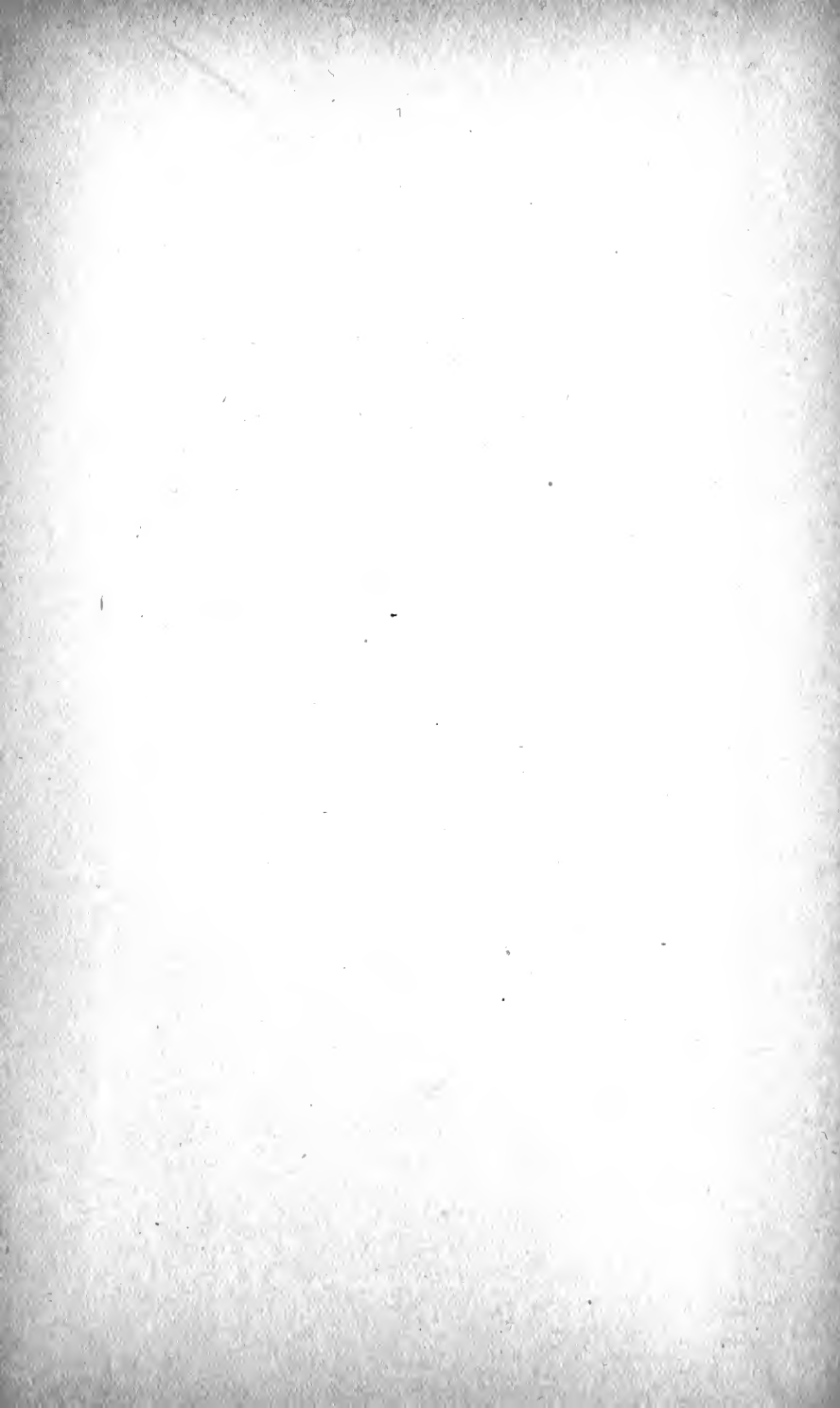
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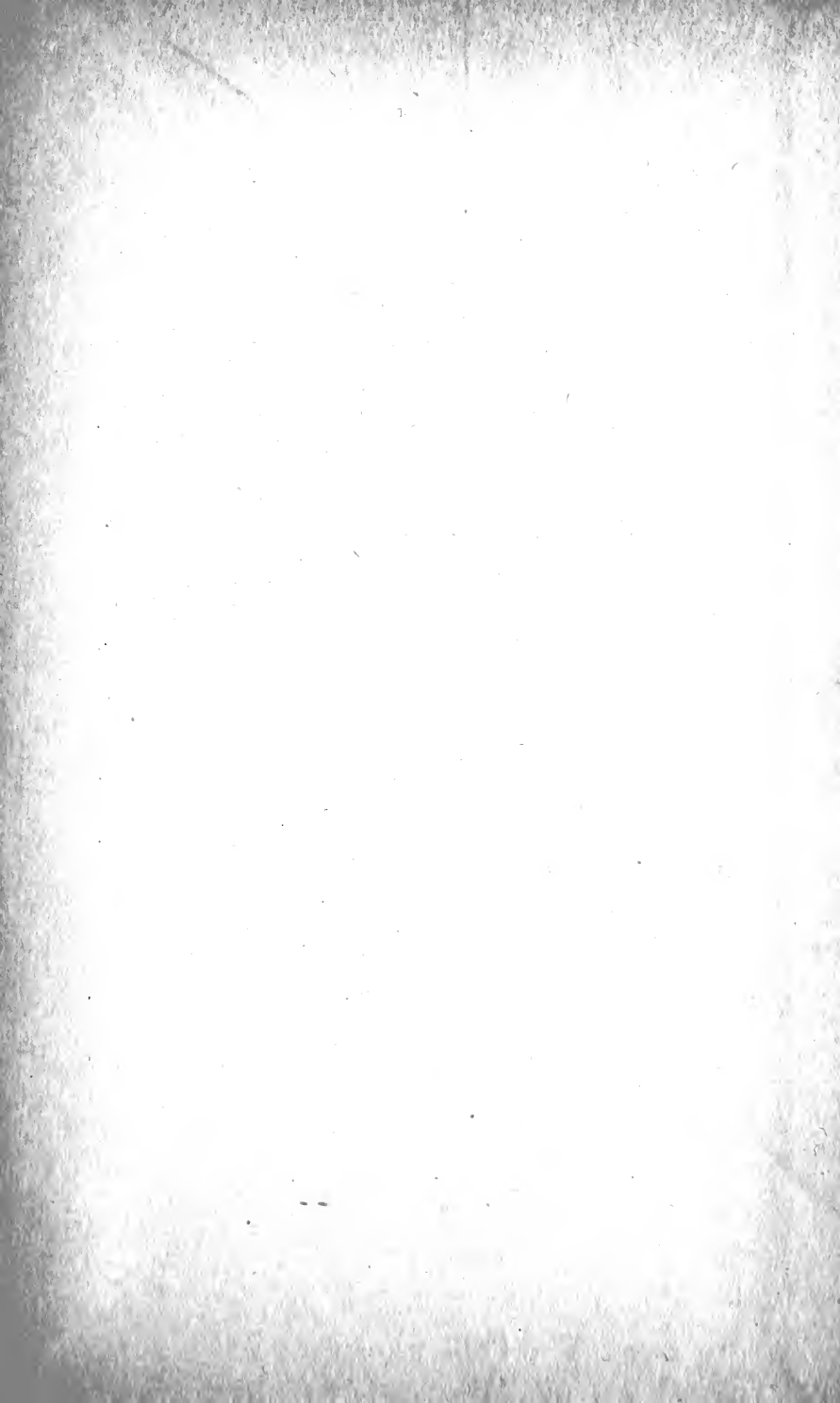
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